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THE RETURN.

ALL day the land in golden sunlight lay,
 All day a happy people to and fro
 Moved through the quiet summer ways; all day
 I wandered with bowed head and footstep
 slow,
 A stranger in the well-remembered place,
 Where Time has left not one familiar face
 I knew long years ago.

By marsh-lands golden with bog asphodel,
 I saw the fitful plover wheel and scream;
 The soft winds swayed the foxglove's purple
 bell;

The iris trembled by the whispering stream;
 Gazing on these blue hills which knew not
 change,
 All the dead years seemed fallen dim and
 strange,
 Unreal as a dream.

Unchanged as in my dreams lay the fair land,
 The laughter-loving lips, the eager feet,
 The hands that struck warm welcome to my
 hand,
 The hearts that at my coming higher beat,
 Have long been cold in death; no glad sur-
 prise
 Wakens for me in any living eyes,
 That once made life so sweet.

Slowly the day drew down the golden west;
 The purple shadows lengthened on the plain,
 Yet I unresting through a world at rest,
 Went silent with my memory and my pain;
 Then, for a little space, across the years
 To me, bowed down with time and worn with
 tears,
 My friends came back again.

By many a spot where summer could not last,
 In other days, for all our joy too long,
 They came about me from the shadowy past,
 As last I saw them, young and gay and
 strong;
 And she, my heart, came fair as in the days
 When at her coming all the radiant ways
 Thrilled into happy song.

Ah me! once here, on such a summer night,
 In silent bliss together, she and I
 Stood watching the pale lingering fringe of
 light
 Go slowly creeping round the northern sky.
 Ah, love, if all the weary years could give
 But one sweet hour of that sweet night to live
 With thee — and then to die!

The old sweet fragrance fills the summer air,
 The same light lingers on the northern sea,
 Still, as of old, the silent land lies fair
 Beneath the silent stars, the melody
 Of moving waters still is on the shore,
 And I am here again — but nevermore
 Will she come back to me.

Chambers' Journal.

D. J. ROBERTSON.

RESPICE FINEM!

I.

"THOU liest, Hope," 'tis said, when unfulfilled
 Thy promises on life's worn footpaths rest;
 When roofless stands the temple thou didst
 build;
 But what say they who know and love thee
 best? —
 "Though the rich light which filled the morn-
 ing skies
 Increase and fade into the depths of night,
 We sin if we believe the radiance dies,
 When, with slow steps, it leaves our com-
 mon sight:
 Once to have seen is surely still to see!
 So when we speak of early Hope as dead,
 We take our hold of words but carelessly,
 Forgetful that on hope the spirit fed,
 And gained — in losing even the truth to be —
 The *present* truth of self-maturity!"

II.

Ah! still the heart sighs on? — Then seek again
 Some larger light 'mid drifting clouds of
 gloom;
 For surely something, say you, must remain
 After Hope's death, — some flowers grace
 her tomb!
 Nay, tenderly, for she may not be dead,
 But sleeping, charmed, until your life kiss
 hers
 Into the living Beauty which you fled
 To place your love beside. She ministers
 Not as we do even to our dearest guest;
 For banquet as we may, hunger is still
 A few hours distant only, — but her best
 Comes last, and ends all hunger! Where-
 fore fill
 Thy heart with sorrow? *Somewhere*, it must be
 Thy pure, high hopes touch God's desires for
 thee!

Spectator.

JOHN HOGGEN.

BLOSSOMS meet to mourn the dead
 On each season's grave are spread,
 Lilies white and roses red
 O'er dead Spring are canopied;
 Roses in their latest bloom
 Blazon golden Summer's tomb;
 Stealthy showers of petals fall
 At still Autumn's funeral;
 But the darlings of the year
 Strew rude Winter's sepulchre.

Scarce a flower does Winter own.
 Of four seasons he alone
 Scarce a bud does to him take.
 Barren for the future's sake,
 Well content to none possess.
 And sweet violets — faithfulness —
 And white snowdrops — innocence —
 Are in death his recompense.
 And these darlings of the year
 Strew rude Winter's sepulchre.

St. James's Gazette.

E. F. M.

From The Fortnightly Review.
LLOYD'S.

THE name of Lloyd's is not only throughout England, but throughout the world, a household word. Wherever men interested in shipping or commerce meet together, the name of Lloyd's is well known and constantly mentioned. Nor is this wonderful, for Lloyd's is the great centre of marine insurance of the world. In the large underwriting room on the first floor of the Royal Exchange vessels which bring heavy cargoes of grain from San Francisco to Europe or rich stores of indigo from Calcutta to the Thames are covered from the perils of the sea. There, too, the cargoes which they bear are protected from loss while being transported; for, after a vessel or cargo has once been insured, should the vessel be stranded or a cargo damaged, the underwriter relieves the shipowner or merchant from his loss.

It is probable that marine insurance in some form has existed from very early ages. Probably the fleets which brought grain to supply the necessities of ancient Greece and Italy were protected both as to ships and cargoes by some mode of insurance, since few adventurers would have dared to risk a valuable ship or a valuable cargo upon the high seas without protection. In the Middle Ages, although usury was regarded as a crime by the theologians who in those days were usually the framers and interpreters of law, one species of usury — marine insurance — was always permitted on account of the risk which attended maritime adventure, and so early as 1433 it would seem that the public regarded the shipowner as capable of over-insuring his vessel, in order to make profit out of her loss, since the regulations of Barcelona to prevent the over-insurance of ships were then framed. Although more than four hundred years have elapsed, the idea that shipowners are capable of this course of action still prevails in certain quarters, and a royal commission is at the present time investigating the causes of loss of life at sea, and giving deep attention to the question of over-insurance, both of vessels and cargoes. In England the business of marine insurance was first practised in London

by the merchants of the Hanseatic League, who established themselves at the Steelyard where Cannon Street station now stands. They monopolized the commerce of this country until the reign of Elizabeth, when England gained the supremacy of the seas, and Englishmen determined to carry on their own trade. The foreign merchants of the Steelyard were deprived by Cecil of their privileges; finally, their staple-house was closed, and they were expelled from the country at the end of the sixteenth century. Till then Hanseatic merchants had flourished on the banks of the Thames; Lombards and Flemings had goldsmiths' shops where Lombard Street still remains as a monument of their residence. These were all expelled from the country at the same time, and Englishmen took their commerce into their own hands. The beginning of this transformation of trade was shown by the erection of the Royal Exchange, where merchants at the end of the sixteenth century began to make their meetings instead of in Lombard Street as hitherto. An office of insurance, where registers were kept of marine policies, was instituted in the city, and was supplemented by others which sprang up in the neighborhood of the Royal Exchange, but for many years there seems to have been no regular meeting-place for underwriters.

The name of Lloyd's itself is derived from a coffee-house, which was kept by Mr. Edward Lloyd, originally in Tower Street, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, where underwriters used to collect before Lloyd's became the centre of the underwriting and shipping interest. Marine insurance seems to have been adopted by merchants in connection with or in addition to their other business. In 1692 Lloyd's Coffee House was moved from Tower Street to the corner of Lombard Street and Abchurch Lane, where a system of maritime intelligence was organized. To meet the desire for information, Mr. Lloyd started *Lloyd's News* in 1696, which, however, fell under the censorship of the government after the issue of only seventy-six numbers, through a report upon the action of the House of Lords with regard to silks, and conse-

quently was discontinued. *Lloyd's News* was resuscitated in the year 1726, under the form of *Lloyd's List*, and is thus the oldest newspaper existing at the present time with the exception of the *London Gazette*. At Lloyd's Coffee House underwriters met, probably for only a small portion of the day, to transact their business and obtain intelligence. The stormy period of speculation connected with the South-Sea Bubble caused a project to be formed by Lord Onslow and Lord Chetwynd to establish assurance corporations. The underwriters of London, joined by those of Bristol, opposed this proposal, but a judicious bribe to the Treasury carried the bill through the Houses of Parliament. An act was passed in 1720 allowing charters of incorporation to be bestowed upon the London Assurance Corporation and the Royal Exchange Corporation. Although these associations appeared at first sight to be dangerous rivals of Lloyd's through the fact that they were granted a monopoly of marine insurance and a monopoly of the most exclusive kind, by which all but private underwriters were prohibited from becoming marine insurers, they were really of great assistance to the development of Lloyd's as an insurance body. While marine insurance companies sprang up in numbers in other countries, their growth was stopped in England by the act of 1720.

As yet the door of Lloyd's was open to all who chose to enter. No membership or formalities of any kind were exacted, but it gradually became a serious question for the respectable visitors at Lloyd's Coffee House to separate themselves from the rest. Illicit gambling and wagering policies had become frequent. Lives of unfortunate gentlemen who might happen to stand accountable to their country for misconduct were freely insured, as well as the lives of well-known personages so soon as a paragraph appeared in the newspapers announcing them to be dangerously ill. Soon after 1770, underwriters and brokers who wished to remedy these abuses united under the name of Lloyd's, and having obtained possession of *Lloyd's List*, removed from Lombard Street to Pope's Head Alley. From these tempo-

rary quarters in the year 1774 they moved to the Royal Exchange, and set up there on a permanent footing the institution which has flourished ever since on the same spot.

The Seven Years' War apparently had little effect on marine insurance. It was left to the great struggle which began in 1775, with the first attempt of the North American colonists to free themselves from English rule, and which lasted with but short pauses till 1815, to raise Lloyd's to the high position which it now holds. This long war brought home to every one having property floating on the sea the necessity of covering their risks as much as possible, and of distributing losses that would have been ruinous to an individual among many persons. High premiums, adequate to high risks, were offered. Merchants of wealth became insurers of maritime property, and where formally the average amounted seldom to £100 or £200, tens of thousands were written in the line of a single name at Lloyd's. The war had the effect of bringing foreign marine insurance from all parts of the world into this country, since the security of Lloyd's was undoubted. During the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century the commerce of Great Britain more than trebled. It gradually increased from a little more than twelve millions at commencement till in 1775 it was nearly £32,000,000. The American War did not interfere much with the growth of commerce, since at the end of 1787 exports and imports from this country amounted to £36,000,000. The whole of this amount, and the value of the vessels besides, came to be insured. British men-of-war, carrying rich prizes and bullion, were also insured. The mass of this business was done at Lloyd's, the two chartered companies doing very little. A Parliamentary commission on marine insurance, which sat in 1810, was informed that of a total of £656,000 insured on the "Diana," £631,800 was underwritten at Lloyd's, and the remaining £25,000 only between the two companies. In 1779 a printed form of policy of marine insurance was definitely fixed. Hitherto there had been many varieties, which gave rise to frequent dis-

putes, and to prevent further difficulties the committee of Lloyd's in that year drew up a general form of policy. The present form of policy issued from the inland revenue is the same as that sanctioned by the members of Lloyd's on the 12th of January, 1779, the sole change consisting in the omission of the words at the beginning, "In the name of God. Amen," for which has been substituted the sentence, "Be it known that."

Familiar as the name of Lloyd's is throughout the world, the constitution of Lloyd's is hardly understood by the general public. Some even believe that the committee of Lloyd's in their corporate capacity are brokers and underwriters, and can effect insurances on behalf of the body of their members, and can undertake salvage operations. It is not appreciated that Lloyd's embraces two different functions. Lloyd's is, in the first place, an association of underwriters, each of whom conducts his business according to his own views; and for those views, or for the business transacted, Lloyd's as a corporation is in no way responsible. Lloyd's as a corporation, and the committee as its executive, have almost nothing to do with matters of marine insurance. Their business is to conduct the affairs of Lloyd's in its corporate capacity; to observe the regulations laid down by the members in general meeting for the admission of members and subscribers; to carry out such steps as may be necessary to supply and distribute shipping intelligence, and to guard as trustees the corporate funds and corporate property.

The development of Lloyd's as an insurance association, and its development as the great centre of maritime intelligence, have proceeded side by side. For many years after Lloyd's was established in the Royal Exchange matters were managed on coffee-house principles. There were three masters, who made handsome incomes by the sale of refreshments and stationery, and who supplied all that was necessary for lighting and warming the rooms and for the general comfort of the members. The profits of these masters averaged £4,500 a year. But as the intelligence department at Lloyd's advanced,

this system of management was found to be inconvenient, although prime ministers had to keep on good terms with the committee to obtain the earliest news of what was going on all over the world, as reports of important events usually reached Lloyd's before getting to Westminster or Whitehall. It had been suggested in 1796 that the masters of Lloyd's, who practically were only waiters, were not competent to correspond with the government offices, but the suggestion was not acted upon till it became necessary for the committee to enter into a regular correspondence with the government. The first few letters were signed as usual by the masters, but there came a curt reply from Earl Camden, the secretary of state for the colonies and war department, stating that he regretted not to be able to enter into epistolary intercourse with the waiters at Lloyd's Coffee House. A secretary was then appointed in 1804, and the result was a great improvement of the whole intelligence department, and the cause of the organization of the system of Lloyd's agents.

As casualties may occur at any part of the world, every coast is divided into districts, and over each district a Lloyd's agent watches, who telegraphs to Lloyd's immediately any casualty to shipping which may occur within his district, as well as the arrivals of shipwrecked crews, or the floating ashore of wreckage. The information obtained from Lloyd's agents is supplemented by Lloyd's signal stations. These are established at all important points on the great lines of maritime traffic and are of enormous value for the saving of both life and property from the perils of the seas. They are placed at outlying points far away from harbors, and are connected telegraphically with London. When a vessel comes ashore or is seen in distress from one of those bleak headlands where the signal stations are, the news of her danger is telegraphed at once to the point from which assistance may be derived and aid is sent. Within the few years that the system of signal stations has been in full working order, many a vessel has been saved from destruction and her crew from death through the interposition

of these stations. Their value is universally recognized, and many great landed proprietors helped in their establishment by granting freely, or only on nominal terms, the land which is necessary for the erection of a station. Yet in some instances a few landowners have refused an acre of ground at necessary spots and have preferred that vessels should be wrecked, men drowned, women made widows, and children fatherless, rather than allow a small portion of some favorite preserve for rabbits or wild fowl to be invaded, even in the cause of humanity, by building a cottage for a signalman.

The intelligence which is collected through Lloyd's agents, from the signal stations and from other sources, is communicated in London to the underwriters at Lloyd's, to the Marine Insurance Companies, who are also supporters of the great central establishment, to the Underwriters' Associations in Liverpool and Glasgow and other commercial ports of the United Kingdom, to the Underwriters' Associations in Paris, Hamburg, Bremen, Berlin, Genoa, Marseilles, Bordeaux—in fact, to all the commercial centres of Europe, to New York for the benefit of underwriters in America, and is even flashed by telegraph to Melbourne to be distributed among the underwriters in the Australian colonies. Various publications are also issued daily or weekly for the convenience of the mercantile community, such as *Lloyd's List*, *Lloyd's Weekly Index*, *Lloyd's Voyage Table of Steamers*, the *Mercantile Navy List*, the *British Code List*, the *International Code of Signals*, *Lloyd's Hints to Captains*, and a *Register of Captains*. Shipping intelligence from Lloyd's is also published in the daily papers for the benefit of the public. Readers of the *Times*, *Standard*, or *Daily News*, may frequently have seen one particular part of the paper headed "Movements of Shipping, from Lloyd's." In these columns the friends and relations of seamen and passengers can learn the arrivals or sailings of vessels in which they may be interested, or any accident or casualty that may have occurred to them. There is also maintained at Lloyd's an inquiry office, which is daily crowded with large numbers of women anxious to know the whereabouts of their husbands and sons, and from which information is freely given to any relations of seamen.

Large and vast as is the intelligence collected at Lloyd's and distributed therefrom, yet it has been found necessary to contemplate its extension. By the act of

Parliament by which Lloyd's was incorporated in 1871 as a corporation, the intelligence which the corporation were empowered to collect, publish, and diffuse was limited to that with respect to shipping, but it was really found that much information not technically limited to that connected with shipping was necessary for commercial purposes. Volcanic eruptions, which alter harbors and roadsteads, are of great importance to seamen and underwriters. Revolutions which cause embargos to be laid upon shipping are also important, as are the sudden outbreak of hostilities or blockades, or other information of a similar nature which could hardly legally be defined as strictly connected with shipping. It is probable that this necessity for the happiness and welfare of the seafaring population will be taken up in Parliament as a public measure, and become, under the sanction of the legislature, another of the functions of Lloyd's.

Important as is the matter of intelligence, it is probably, however, as the centre of marine insurance that the general public takes the most interest in Lloyd's. Commercial men must be connected with Lloyd's. Every merchant who sends a cargo abroad; every shipowner who equips a vessel; every importer who brings the products of either the Eastern or Western Hemisphere to the great markets of Europe; every financier who sends abroad bonds or specie; every jeweller who sends diamonds or precious stones, or who brings these to this country, if prudent, as most men of business are, insures them against the danger of loss in transit, and these insurances are for the most part effected at Lloyd's. It is in the great underwriting-rooms of the Royal Exchange that the chief part of the marine insurance of the world is conducted, for although there are marine insurance companies, yet the underwriters at Lloyd's, not hampered with heavy office expenses or costly machinery of administration, can afford to insure at prices which defy competition. The ordinary course of insurance of a ship or goods is, that the shipowner or merchant sends an order to some of the great marine insurance brokers such as the Bradfords, the Tidds, the Hardmans, the Bischoffs, the Dumas, the Millers, the Robinsons, the Pooles, the Nixons, or Symondsons. These show the insurance to be effected on a small piece of paper, which is technically called a slip, to some of the great underwriters such as the Jansons, the

Reisses, the Becks, the Secretans, the Beauchamps, the Uziellis, the Brookings, the Rougemonts, or the Burands, who initial the slip, showing upon it what amount, or as it is technically termed "line," they choose to underwrite, and although a slip from not being stamped cannot be sued upon legally, yet underwriters always consider that when they have once initialled a slip they have made an honorable engagement, which they will not infringe and always sign the policy afterwards. The policy is prepared by the broker, and from the underwriters' names being written in succession at the foot the term of underwriter has arisen. In extreme cases, when the broker has been deceived and an insurance has been placed before an underwriter, in which there has been concealment of important facts or fraud, the underwriters do not refuse to sign the policy, but sign the policy and then refuse to pay the loss, and thus the assured is not deprived of his right to sue, although in such cases he generally finds that prudence is the better part of valor and declines to go into court.

The great fortunes made at Lloyd's during the Napoleonic wars elevated aspirants into rivals. The Globe Fire and Life Insurance Company, established in 1797, applied in 1798 to Parliament to repeal the act giving a monopoly of marine insurance to the two old chartered companies. This application was resisted, not so much by the companies interested as by the underwriters of Lloyd's, and the bill was defeated; but the House decided to appoint a committee to consider the act granting charters to the two old companies, and to inquire into the state and means of effecting marine insurance in Great Britain. The committee held its sittings in February and March, 1810. By its report it was recommended that the privileges granted to the Royal Exchange and London Assurance Corporations under the charters of 1720 should be repealed, but the recommendations of the committee were rejected by the Commons, because the House considered that the system of commercial intelligence at Lloyd's had been established there by the labor of half a century, and had been brought to a degree of perfection which rendered it of the utmost importance to the mercantile world.

The Parliamentary inquiry ended in a victory to Lloyd's which was the real supporter of the monopoly of the two companies. This monopoly was maintained,

but the fierce light of investigation which during the discussion was thrown upon Lloyd's, led to the discovery of various defects in its internal government. A majority of the members shared in these views. A general meeting was called together in March, 1811, when a committee of twenty-one members was appointed to consider and recommend such regulations as in their opinion might tend to the future good management of the concerns of the house. This committee recommended that the committee have the power of appointing agents in any ports or places they may think proper under such regulations and restrictions as their legal advisers may recommend, and that the names of the different persons acting as agents for Lloyd's under the sanction of the committee be annually published with the list of subscribers. The appointment of agents is now conducted by a committee, on which are representatives of the Marine Insurance Companies, the Underwriters' Associations of Glasgow and Liverpool, and also representatives of the General Shipowners' Society. This committee is thus representative of all interests connected with shipping. The committee of 1811 also arranged that a deed of trust should be prepared and signed by all the members of Lloyd's. Thus Lloyd's was partly reorganized. It had been proposed at that time to establish at Lloyd's a board for settling averages, but this idea was not generally approved. Another movement in this direction about fifteen years later also failed, but gradually the average adjuster became a separate and recognized profession, although some members of Lloyd's can still recollect the time when a broker was expected himself to "state" the averages he had to collect. In order to obtain membership of Lloyd's, a candidate must be proposed by six members, and for about twenty years it has been required that a candidate, before his name is submitted to the committee for ballot, shall make a deposit of at least £5,000 in the hands of trustees, of whom one is the secretary of Lloyd's. This deposit becomes available in case of the failure of a member to meet his obligations, and is used under the control of the committee, who liquidate his liabilities. This system is undoubtedly of great benefit to merchants and shipowners, as it affords a guarantee of security for all insurances effected at Lloyd's.

We have seen how the new Marine Insurance Company of 1810 was defeated in

its attempt to destroy the monopoly of the two chartered companies, notwithstanding the report of the select committee of the House of Commons. This defeat hindered further attempts of this nature until the matter was taken up by Mr. N. Rothschild in 1824. A bill for the repeal of the act granting the monopoly to the two chartered companies was then brought into the House of Commons and was passed. The Alliance British and Foreign Fire and Life Assurance Company had already been formed, and it was supposed that the passing of this act would allow marine business to be undertaken by that company; but when this was proposed, Mr. Natusch, an underwriter at Lloyd's, who had taken shares in the Alliance Company, as soon as the directors announced their intention of entering upon marine insurance, proceeded against them for breach of the original conditions of contract entered into between them and the subscribers. The plaintiff obtained a verdict, and the company was forbidden to carry on the business of marine insurance. Mr. Rothschild quietly submitted to the verdict. Leaving the fire and life department of the Alliance to stand as before, he put at its side, nominally independent of it, the Alliance Marine Insurance Company. This company got a good amount of patronage mainly from what sprang from the house of Rothschild, and the other eminent firms who joined in the undertaking. Its success inspired followers. Within a few months the Indemnity Marine Insurance Company was started. In 1836, after an interval of twelve years, the Marine Insurance Company was founded. Ten years previously three marine insurance companies were brought out in the north of England—the Sunderland, the Tyne, and the Unanimous of South Shields. The first two perished in infancy, the last lived till 1861. In 1830, the General Maritime Insurance Company was started in London by some merchants and shipowners, and lasted till 1848. The Liverpool Marine Insurance Company, launched in 1831, had to be wound up in 1850.

The foundation of the Marine Insurance Company finished the era of successful joint stock undertakings, carrying on the business of marine insurance. There was a gap between the starting of the Marine in 1836 till after the passing of the Joint Stock Companies' Registration Act in 1844. With this act there was laid the

foundation of a new class of undertaking for carrying on marine insurance. Many companies were started, but not all survived. In 1859 the Ocean Marine was established, and in the following year three new companies on the limited liability principle—the London and Provincial, the Thames and Mersey, and the Universal were founded. The British and Foreign, the Commercial Union, and the Union Insurance Companies were founded in 1863, and the Home and Colonial and Maritime in 1864. In fact, as Mr. J. T. Danson, in his pamphlet on "The Underwriting of 1872," wrote: "In 1859 began an era of speculation in marine insurance which is not yet closed; and which it were well if those who are still liable to lose their capital would look a little closer into the history of. Many now are the sufferers; but few care to parade such experience; and fewer still—though keenly alive to effects, could say anything profitable of the cause of their losses." The writer then enumerates the marine insurance companies that perished between the years 1859 and 1865, giving it as his opinion that, so far from being untoward, the failures would have been, "under ordinary circumstances," even more numerous. "The companies now surviving," he continues, "were indebted for much of their early growth to special circumstances not very likely to recur. The American Civil War broke out in April, 1861; it soon had the effect of transferring to this country the greater part of the marine insurance in the foreign trade, previously done in the United States. The war ended in 1865; but the old confidence in American underwriters was not immediately restored. It was not till 1868 that the business which had been driven by the war from its ordinary channels began in any great measure to return to them. Thus, the surviving companies had the advantage, for some years, of an enhanced demand for marine insurance in this country."

Mr. Danson concludes with some truthful remarks, fully justified by the, on the whole, disastrous results of joint-stock enterprise in underwriting, about the constant desire of shipowners and merchants to aid in the establishment of new marine insurance companies, with the view of lowering premiums through competition. "Competition," says the widely experienced writer, "to be effectual, must be constant, not fitful, and limited by a reasonable regard to the actual condition of

the business, not inspired by the wild avidity of the mere bandit. Less than ten per cent. profit will hardly justify the risking of capital in such a business as underwriting. But if, in defence of an established business, less must be taken, for a time, it will be so. Company A may reduce its profits and its dividends to one-half of the previous rate, say to ten per cent. This putting them all on the same level will bring down company B to a dividend of one per cent., and company C to an annual and serious loss of capital. Such competition cannot last. What the insurer should aim at, as being the most conducive to his interest, is that such competition shall be maintained as will keep down premiums to, but not reduce them below, the point at which they yield a fair average rate of profit. To go lower is to insure a reaction, sooner or later, and to disturb the basis of confidence on which all sound insurance rests. And the competition of a dozen companies, with the aid of the underwriters at Lloyd's, is quite sufficient, as experience has proved, to keep it from rising higher on an average of years." The principal marine insurance companies of London, twenty-five in number, are now connected with Lloyd's, as subscribers.

Persons not thoroughly conversant with the somewhat complex organization of Lloyd's are apt to confuse "Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping" with Lloyd's itself. As a matter of fact, however, Lloyd's Register, as constituted for the last fifty years, is a totally distinct society, with a separate committee and separate executive, although, like Lloyd's itself, it would appear to have originated in the necessity for reliable information felt by the underwriters who frequented the coffee-house of Edward Lloyd two hundred years ago. The early frequenters of Lloyd's Coffee House in Tower Street, and certainly in Lombard Street, kept ships' lists for their own guidance; nor would this be unnatural, for so soon as the practice of insuring ships and their cargoes was reduced to a science, means were necessary to ascertain whether the vessels were seaworthy, and what were their relative qualifications. The merchant would not be willing to embark his cargoes upon, nor the underwriter to venture his risks upon, a ship without being first aware of her fitness for the duties required of her. As the number of vessels increased, so must the demand for shipping registers have also increased, so that all interested in a ship could form a

fair idea of her capacities. It is probable that these ships' lists were printed and circulated about 1726, the same year as saw the first publication of *Lloyd's List*. A register, afterwards known as the "Underwriters' Register" or the "Green Book," was established in 1760. It is probable, however, that it was established and supported exclusively by underwriters, for the sole use of those who subscribed to it and were members of the society. A surveyor was appointed in 1781, if not before. In the "Register" for 1797 is printed a list of a committee formed for conducting the affairs of the Society, one of whom was the chairman of Lloyd's; and probably the others were also members of Lloyd's. The meetings of this committee were held at Lloyd's Coffee House, though the office of the "Register" was situated at a different place.

The London committee held that London-built ships were much superior to those built in northern ports. The dissatisfied shipowners made representations, but, failing to convince the committee, in 1799 started a new "Register Book of Shipping." At the end of the last century there were therefore two register books, known as the "Green Book," which was the underwriters', and the "Red Book," which was the shipowners' register. The "Green Book" was the more popular, since at the beginning of the year 1800 it had two hundred and thirty-three subscribers, and the "Red Book" only one hundred and twenty-five. Divided counsels caused both registers to fall into disrepute, and a committee of inquiry was formed which sat for two years. In 1829 the "Green Book" took the title of "Lloyd's Register of Shipping," but this did not help its financial prospects, for in 1833 both registers were so much hurt that it was not expected they would be able to carry on their operations, and in that year it was determined to form the two committees into a joint committee, and to fuse the two books together. The first edition of "Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping" was issued in 1834, and the classification of the mercantile marine was placed in the hands of a large committee representative of all the interests concerned—the merchant, underwriter, and shipowner. In 1845, the "Liverpool Register," which was commenced in 1838, was amalgamated with "Lloyd's Register." No further change took place in the constitution of the Society until 1863, although various applica-

tions were made from the provinces for admission to a share in the management of the Society; and representatives were admitted from the Clyde, the Tyne, the Wear, Hull, and Bristol. In 1883 the number of the general committee was raised from forty-one to fifty; the additional members thus created being distributed among the outports, the increase being carried out in such a manner as to preserve as far as possible the relative strength of merchant, shipowner, and underwriter. In 1886 the "Liverpool Register," known as the "Liverpool Red Book," has been united with "Lloyd's Register."

When vessels get into distress it is often necessary to discharge their cargoes and take measures for the safety of both vessels and goods. To superintend this operation it is often customary to send from this country a special agent, on behalf of underwriters, to watch over their interests and to give technical assistance and advice to Lloyd's local agent. These special agents are usually retired captains of the mercantile marine. To superintend the despatch of these agents and to assist underwriters in all cases of salvage, the Salvage Association has now for some years been in existence, which is connected with Lloyd's, but has a separate committee and a separate executive. Much good work has been done by this Association, and there can be no doubt that the interests of underwriters are now more carefully watched in all quarters of the world than was possible one hundred, fifty, or even twenty years ago. The consequence is that the underwriters at Lloyd's, by having to bear less severe losses than was formerly the case, are now able to insure vessels or property at lower rates than formerly and a great advantage has accrued to the public in general. The existence of Lloyd's has a national interest. From every point of view it is of enormous importance. As an insurance association it is the centre of the marine insurance of the world. As the machinery for the collection and diffusion of mercantile intelligence it stands unrivalled, and together with its affiliated associations of Lloyd's Register and the Salvage Association, Lloyd's forms an enormous organization which, throughout the world, has no rival and knows no jealousy, but to meet the requirements of the public and to bring the great weight of an influential corporation to the aid of the preservation of life and property from the perils of the sea.

H. M. HOZIER.

From Temple Bar.

BY THE POST-TONGA.

BY J. S. WINTER.

AUTHOR OF "HOUPLA," "BOOTLES' BABY,"
"CAVALRY LIFE," ETC.

It was in the April of '80. The Royal Regiment of Cuirassiers, which formed part of the British forces in Afghanistan, was split up—part being stationed at Lundi Kotal, part at Jellalabad, and part at Caubool itself.

Somehow or other the Cuirassiers did not seem to care much about the country of the ameer, and were accustomed to look back to the delights of Indian life and society, very much as old people look back to the days of their youth.

The men hated it—and of the officers, why, those at Caubool envied their comrades at Jellalabad, because they were a few marches nearer to India and civilization; while those quartered outside the fort of Jellalabad envied their fellows at Lundi Kotal, because that delectable spot was so many miles nearer to Peshawar and the Kyber Pass; and the officers of the Royal Regiment of Cuirassiers, then lying at Lundi Kotal, were thoroughly sick of the place, and would have welcomed any change of quarters, whether it took them backward or forward.

It was not altogether a bad kind of place—they admitted that; it was cool, and in a fairly pleasant situation, with nothing much to complain of except the sand-flies, which, as Scott remarked more than once to Stephen Slingsby, whose tent adjoined his, were the very devil.

And there were frequent excitements attending the intercourse between the occupants of the British camp and the gentry of the surrounding neighborhood. For instance, one night the Shinwarries chanced to go a-raiding a shade too near the British outposts, and the sentries promptly had a shot at them and "potted" a brace.

The following morning these *miserables* were traced by their blood to the village whence they came, and a detachment of troopers was sent out, and their houses burned over their heads—a course of action which might be just in the abstract, but was undeniably hard in the reality.

Next day the Shinwarries took their revenge, and lay in wait for a camel-party returning from water; they sliced the drivers neatly in halves and took entire charge of the camels—nine of them.

Naturally enough, the officer in command of the British camp could not stand

this kind of conduct; therefore a second party of retributive revenge went out, several towers were blown up, and a goodly number of crops were confiscated.

But would the war-loving Afghans quietly submit to that? Not a bit of it! When morning light rose again upon the British camp, it was found that all the pipes and drinking-troughs which supplied the camp with water had been smashed — a proceeding which left the commanding officer no alternative but to seize the leaders of the Shinwarries, who were flogged, and made to pay several thousand rupees by way of indemnity.

Of course all these little interchanges of attentions were to a certain extent exciting; yet they became wearisome in time, and, moreover, big, bronzed Britons grew weary of waging unequal war against unimportant tribes.

"It is a beastly hole!" exclaimed Scott to Slingsby one day. "I vote we try and get a ten days' leave to go up to Jellalabad, and look up the fellows there. I don't believe we shall ever get any further than this — we shall just dawdle on here until the war is over, and then be sent back to India to receive a medal we have done nothing to earn."

"Yes! It would be great fun to go on as far as Jellalabad," answered Slingsby, willingly enough. "They say it's no end of a jolly place. I suppose we should have to go by the post tonga?"

"Yes; no use taking it out of our own gees," Scott answered. "I shall apply for the leave at once."

"So shall I, though I don't believe I shall get it," said the other.

However, the two officers did obtain the asked-for leave, partly because the commanding officer wanted to send some important letters on to a relative of his at Jellalabad, and this would give him a good chance of sending them in greater security than by a post tonga, which had only a native driver and a couple of Gezalekis for escort. So, on a fine and clear April morning, Scott (the senior subaltern but one) and Slingsby (a lad barely twenty, of under a year's service) found themselves in the post-tonga or mail-cart, which ran from Lundi Khana to Jellalabad.

The journey did not begin auspiciously. The tonga was minus its awning, and the early start caused the two officers to miss their breakfast and to leave Lundi Khana with no more provision for the day than a little bread and meat, which they thrust hastily into their bags at the very last moment.

What a day's journey it was! Owing to the want of the awning, and being exposed to the pitiless rays of a burning sun, they soon began to feel the heat terribly, though at Dakkha, where the horses were changed, they had a few minutes' relief, and managed to obtain a bottle of execrable soda-water from the bazaar, with which to wash down the now dry and tasteless bread and meat.

And what a road it was! What a mockery to give the name of road to such a track — full of holes, where it was not strewn with big stones, and, where there were neither holes nor stones, knee-deep in sand, so that when the two Cuirassiers were not holding on like grim death to the cart or to each other, lest they should be shaken to pieces, they were choked and almost blinded with sand. By the time they reached Basawul, they were well-nigh exhausted from the combined effects of empty stomachs, the heat of the sun, and the terrible jolting of the tonga. Fortunately they there fell in with several officers of a native regiment, who carried them off to their mess-tent, where they administered iced stilton and bread-and-butter, food for the gods (if the gods chance to be in Afghanistan), with the addition of an iced peg, which acted like a charm, and made men of them again.

There, too, they exchanged the tonga for one which had its awning in good order, so that the rest of the journey was made in less misery.

But, all the same, it was comfortless work sitting there, bumping and jolting over stones, and dragging through sand-banks with only a couple of Gezalekis for escort, and with a native driver armed with one pistol.

"I'll tell you what, Scott," said young Slingsby, as they rattled over the broken road, "I don't half like the look of those beggars" — indicating the two Gezalekis by a jerk of his thumb. "And half-a-dozen of the enemy might cut our throats and rob the tonga pretty easily at any moment."

"They'll have to do target for double their number of shots first," answered Scott grimly, feeling for the pair of six-chambered pop-guns which had been beside him all the day.

However, half-a-dozen of the enemy did not show, and as the shades of night were closing around, they safely reached their destination, the Cuirassiers' camp outside the fort of Jellalabad.

And what a fuss the fellows made about them! There was iced champagne await-

ing their arrival, and in less time than it takes me to write a line, the sunburnt noses of the two weary passengers had each disappeared within a huge tumbler full of that refreshing beverage.

"I'm better!" exclaimed Slingsby gratefully. "We've had a beastly journey. I thought we should never get here."

"Fact is," exclaimed Scott, from the depths of a big chair, "poor old Baccy's been in a devil of a funk the whole way. Had an idea the tonga would get robbed and our throats cut."

"More unlikely things have happened," Dickson laughed. "We are in a perpetual state of touch and go in this pernicious country. Sometimes we go out for a prowling at night—across the river to the fields on the other side, which are green and comparatively cool—but one always goes with a feeling that there may be some fanatical beggar of a Ghazi lurking about, ready to stick a knife into one's back. It's an unrestful land of pilgrimage, no mistake about it."

"Yes, we have a most appropriate hymn when we sing, as we did on Sunday:—

Pilgrims here on earth and strangers—
Dwelling in the midst of foes."

"I was staying with a married sister of mine just before I came out," said Slingsby. "She lives in Lancashire. All the time I was there she used to have a class of Sunday-school children up twice a week to coach them in the hymns for some church festival. But get 'em to sing 'Pilgrims'? Bless you, not a bit of it! The little beggars used to shout and sing with all their hearts and souls:—

Pilgrims here—on—nearth an' stran—
GERS!

How I used to laugh! I didn't think then that the next time I should hear that hymn would be in Afghanistan."

"We don't often think—of what is coming," answered Dickson, with a certain gravity. "There has been a poor fanatical devil of a Ghazi, who, for the last week or two, has gone daily on to Piper's Hill, and danced in derision at us. But he was brought down at last by a clever sergeant in the garrison at five hundred yards—and he dances no more. 'Pon my word, I felt quite sorry for him; but he didn't think."

Then the two weary ones were carried off to enjoy the luxury of a tub ere they dressed for mess. It was a good time which followed—the country round was fairly peaceful, though when, after saun-

tering through the Fort Bazaar in the early morning in quest of odds and ends as mementoes of the city, they wished to extend their peregrinations to the city itself, they laughed at the escort of half a dozen Gezalekis, bearing various antiquated matchlocks and carbines and daggers, which had to be provided according to brigade orders.

One day they passed through the city and out at the famous Caubool Gate, through which Dr. Brydon nearly forty years before dragged his weary and exhausted limbs, and told the news of the cruel fate which had befallen the expedition, of which he was the sole survivor, at Jugdulluk. Thence their way lay between pleasant and refreshing fields, till they reached the ameer's palace and garden, a retreat which used to be occupied by the ruler of Caubool during the winter months, the climate of Jellalabad being more mild than that of Caubool, and the place itself secluded.

Truly they found it a lovely spot. Babbling streams ran through the gardens, kept constantly shaded by the lofty trees, the foliage of which joined overhead. All was then in a wild state, and had the beauty of untended Eastern luxuriance. Parterres and flower-beds alike were masses of promiscuous vegetation, and only gigantic Wellingtonias retained any traces of having once been cultivated, and these presented a formally trim, pyramidal outline. But there were roses in vast and sweet profusion, and jasmine which loaded the air with perfume.

The palace itself consisted of two blocks of flimsy wooden buildings, one for the ameer and one for his followers. These had plastered and stuccoed walls of a style similar to the tea palaces in the gardens at Rosherville.

The four officers, Dickson, Laurie, Scott, and Slingsby, tramped through the empty rooms, their heavy boots and spurs echoing and jingling among the crumbling walls and torn casements. They saw from a verandah at the back of the palace, the house, carefully enclosed in a garden, where the great Eastern potentate had kept the many partners of his joys and sorrows.

On the roof whence many a dark eyed Eastern houri had touched the lute for her lord's pleasure were no graceful forms, no sound of silver-stringed lutes, but in place of them the tightly garbed and stiffly braced figures of half a dozen British soldiers, who were smoking their clay pipes and inscribing their unhallowed

names upon walls which had once been sacred.

"It really is too bad," Scott murmured to Dickson, as they reached the roof, after the rank and file had saluted and tumbled down the cranky stairs. "Look here — on the very walls, within which it once was nothing less than death for man's foot to tread —

"Tommy Atkins, No. 3 Company, 440th Foot.
And here —

'Sarah Jane Gubbins,
The Manor House,
Newby, Yorkshire,
England.

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The pink is sweet, and so are you.
And true is he that sends you this,
So when we meet we'll have a kiss.

'Private John Smart, Royal Regiment of Cuirassiers.'

Now isn't that too cool? And that limb of evil, Smart, of G troop, eh?"

"Poor beggar," returned Dickson, sighing. "You know he was one of those drowned in the accident in the river here, don't you?"

"No," in a shocked tone. "I hadn't the least idea of it. Poor Sarah Jane Gubbins!"

Thus reminded, they went — after they had been to visit the remains of the cantonments of the 42nd and thence to Commemoration Hill, where the gallant 44th made their last stand and were slain to a man — to the English cemetery, where they saw the great grave fifty feet long, in which lie the bodies of the thirty-five or forty men drowned in the Caubool River. It was a huge mound, on the outside of which was traced in large white stones the rude inscription —

X. HUSS.

Hard by were the graves of the Cuirassiers who had met the same fate, and according to regulation, two open graves ready to be filled at a moment's notice, painfully suggestive of that part of the service for the burial of the dead, which says, "In the midst of life we are in death."

So in sightseeing and in friendly intercourse the ten days of leave passed over, and Scott and Slingsby had to take their dreary journey back to Lundi Kotal by the post-tonga. Never before had Scott taken leave of any of his brother officers so unwillingly, and poor young Slingsby was quite pathetic over it.

"I've got a sort of presentiment," said he, when one or two of those whom they were leaving behind chaffed him a little for being down in the mouth, "that the blessed old tonga won't make a safe journey this time. I don't know how it is, but I cannot shake the impression off."

"Oh, nonsense; it isn't as if it was the tonga further front," a man laughed.

"I hope you'll get there all safe, and find your presentiment a wrong one. Well, good-bye. Good-bye, Scott, old man. God bless you both."

"Let's give them a cheer," called out a young subaltern gaily.

A ringing cheer rose upon the morning air, and away the tonga went at a full gallop rattling over the broken road, and jolting its occupants one against another in a way which made the little group of officers fairly shout with laughter.

"Poor beggars," said one of them; "but I should think twice, I know, before I went a whole day's journey in such a concern as that."

That day the post-tonga running between Jellalabad and Lundi Kotal was attacked, and the native driver with his pistol and the Gezaleki escort ran for their lives, leaving the two officers to fight it out with about a score of the enemy.

Scott's keen eyes took in the situation at a glance, and with a word to Slingsby to stick close to him, he fired a couple of shots, and sprang into a place which afforded good vantage ground, between a couple of huge boulders jutting out from the bank, beneath which the road ran.

"No use attempting to fight a score of those beggars in the open," he muttered to his comrade. "Here we have just a chance, for they can only get at us one at a time."

"I've potted five of the devils," Scott muttered to Slingsby with a grim laugh. "I wonder what they'll do next."

It seemed to the two Cuirassiers that the enemy was having a consultation. Then, after an hour or so of suspense, and another attempt to dislodge them — as vain as the first had been, having only the effect of placing another of the Shin-warries *hors de combat* — the two soldiers heard sounds as of wounded men being cautiously moved; and presently the rumbling of the tonga-wheels over the broken and stony road told them as plainly as words could have done that the natives were off with their booty.

Scott stepped cautiously round the side of the boulder, and peered after the retreating party, through the now rapidly gathering gloom of night.

"They're all gone," he exclaimed. "I'll just send a couple of shots after them for luck."

"I wouldn't," urged the junior—but the words came too late; the sharp report of Scott's revolver rang upon the air, followed by an agonized yell from the retreating Afghans. Scott uttered an exclamation of extreme satisfaction.

"Now let us run for it; they'll be back in an hour or so with the whole tribe, and would contrive to smoke us out somehow, if we stayed here, as sure as eggs are eggs."

So they ran.

But it was hard work. They were well-nigh tired out by the long drive in the jolting tonga, and by the suspense and tension of the last hour.

However, on they plunged, stumbling over stones in the darkness, now falling headlong as they stepped into deep holes or ruts, now dragging their weary limbs through sandbanks, now tripping up over the carcass of some dead horse or camel, and then—"By Jove, we have lost the track," Scott exclaimed ruefully.

Slingsby sank down upon the ground with a groan.

"It's no use, Scott, I'm done—I can't go a yard further," he said desperately. "I think the sun got at my head a bit to-day; I've seen nothing the last hour or more. You get on and do the best you can for yourself. You can send some fellows out to look me up, if you get in."

"Stuff and nonsense, old man; what rubbish are you talking?" Scott cried cheerily. "You are knocked up a little, and no wonder; but as to leaving you, it's simply absurd. I don't know where we are, and if I chanced to get in myself, I shouldn't have the least idea how to direct any one to find you. Take a pull at this, and we'll have another try to find the track and get in. We *cannot* be far from camp now."

He handed his flask to the lad as he spoke, and then, when they had rested for an hour or more, he hoisted him on to his feet and half coaxed, half chaffed him into trying to go on again.

"I do wish you would leave me and make the best of your own chance," the lad groaned.

"Stuff and nonsense!"—keeping his hand fast under his arm and helping him along.

"It's so senseless sacrificing two lives where one would do," Slingsby urged.

"What rot you talk!—whose life is going to be sacrificed? Sacrificed indeed—just because your head has been a trifle touched by the sun! What melodramatic rot you youngsters do go in for, in spite of all your competitive book-learning stuff we hear so much about nowadays! I'll tell you what it is, Baccy, that blessed new system has left no grit in any of you fellows. There's a sight too much of every-man-for-himself tone about the army now, without our starting it in a respectable old regiment like the Cuirassiers. Why, my dear lad, if I deserted you now, I should deserve to be hounded out of society for the rest of my days."

But Slingsby, poor lad, had never been of a particularly robust build, and his constitution, weakened in the first instance by the effort of getting into the service, had suffered from the effects of the enervating Indian climate, and he proved to be so utterly exhausted that, drag and pull, or urge and coax as he would, Scott found there was no way of getting him a step further, unless he turned himself into a "gee-gee" for the occasion.

"Here, get on my back," he said—and Slingsby, too weary to resist, obeyed him, and thus they stumbled on a little way further.

But it was of no use. It would have been as much as any strong man in perfect health, without anything to encumber his powers, could have done to hold his own against the difficulties of the road that night; and handicapped as Scott was by the charge of the worn-out lad, and the fact that they had lost the track, he was simply compelled to give up the attempt, at least until dawn broke over the eastern sky. It began to grow horribly cold, yet, chilled to the bone as both were, Scott would not have dared to run the risk of lighting a fire, had materials for doing so been to hand, which they were not. Therefore he dragged Slingsby close under the scanty shelter afforded by a big stone, over which he had come such a cropper as to determine that a longer struggle would be worse than useless, and, putting his arm round him, to give him all the warmth and rest possible under the circumstances, ventured to fill and light his pipe.

Young Slingsby promptly went to sleep, and Scott puffed away, warming his fingers at the bowl of his pipe every now and again, wishing, as he thought over the events of the day, that he had been able

to pot one or two more of the agreeable gentlemen who had placed them in this pleasant situation.

The pipe went out by-and-by, and Scott filled it anew. What a good thing Baccy was, he thought, and what a pity the poor lad sleeping so heavily upon his shoulder could not avail himself of its comfort! They called him Baccy in the regiment, because he never had been able to master the noble art of smoking. Poor young Baccy! Scott had liked the lad immensely from the first day he joined. It is probable that had he been able just then to get speech of the so-called Army Reformers—those who have put book-learning in a superior place to the training of bone and muscle—those wise gentlemen might have experienced a new sensation.

He was still puffing slowly at his pipe, and young Slingsby still slept heavily, when, suddenly, there was a terrific howl within a few yards which caused the sleeping lad to spring up, shaking violently in every limb.

"Good God, Scott! What's that?" he cried.

"Nothing, nothing; go to sleep again," Scott answered soothingly.

"It must be a jackal," Slingsby persisted.

"Oh, no; only a hyena after some dead horse or camel lying about!"

"But it wasn't the least bit like a hyena," Slingsby objected, as the howls rang out again upon the stillness of the night air. "It's a jackal, and jackals are beastly things—worse than wolves."

"Nonsense!" Scott laughed. "Go to sleep."

"I can't sleep with that brute prowling about. Strike a light, Scott. I believe it's close to us."

Thus bidden, Scott struck a match, holding it up so that the feeble flame should cast its rays as far as possible; and sure enough there, through the darkness, a yard or two in front of them, were two great angry gleaming eyes.

"Where's my revolver?" muttered Slingsby, trying to free his arm.

The older man caught his wrist.

"For Heaven's sake, don't fire!" he cried. "Do you want a hundred or two of those miserable villagers down upon us? The brute probably won't come near us, whatever it is; and, if it does, it will be time enough to fire then, if a stone won't settle it."

As he spoke, he picked up a stone, which he sent flying in the direction where the eyes had been. There was the sound of a thud, it having chanced to hit the brute, followed by a terrific howling and growling.

"He will keep clear of us for the present," observed Scott, with satisfaction.

They subsided into silence once more; but though after a while Scott fell asleep with his head resting against the big stone, Slingsby had been too thoroughly awakened to close his eyes again that night, and he lay very, very still and watchful, his hand on his revolver, ready to fire at a moment's notice. True, the howling had ceased, and all was profoundly still. Then his straining ears heard a rustling and a sniffing at some short distance, as if the jackal, hyena, or whatever the brute with the glaring eyes might chance to be, were smelling his way towards them. Nearer and nearer it came, receded, grew closer still. Slingsby's heart began to beat furiously, and he levelled his revolver. Then he felt hot breath upon his face, felt the brute's feet resting upon his leg, saw the gleam of the glaring eyes just before him, and—fired!

Bang! The animal, with a fierce howl, rolled over upon Scott's outstretched legs, and lay there panting its last.

"What the devil is it?" Scott demanded, waking with a start, and trying to shake himself free of the dead weight.

"It's that brute of a jackal," Slingsby answered. "I felt his hot breath on my face, or I shouldn't have fired."

"The deuce you did! I wish he'd get off my legs, the brute," Scott said, dragging one leg from under the now dead animal by an effort. "I hope the row won't bring a pack of Shinwarries down upon us. Let us keep quiet."

In silence they waited, but apparently the report of the revolver had not done more than awake the echoes, for no natives, friendly or otherwise, appeared upon the scene.

And at last the first faint streaks of dawn began to light up the sky, and they were able to take their bearings.

"Why, there's the blessed old camp!" cried Scott with a laugh, pointing to the show of canvas but a few hundred yards away. Then, looking down at their feet, "Why, Baccy, you awful young duffer, you've shot old Growl, the colonel's colley!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.
PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

THERE are almost as many different ways of dying as of living. Some men steal away out of life, unobserved save by the little circle that surrounds their bed. Some go when the world has already forgotten their names, and learned to do without them. But of some the fall is like that of a great tree, rending the very face of nature; or like a tower standing foursquare to all the winds, until in a moment, with a crash like thunder, it has fallen and left ruin around. Such a sudden fall, so great, so startling, involving a catastrophe both private and public, has just taken place in the midst of us. Our last number contained one word — there was no possibility of more — to record the loss which Scotland had sustained in the death of Principal Tulloch. It is now time to attempt a fuller record of what the country and his friends have lost. The first natural tears have been shed. The soft covering of the snow, that made a mantle and shroud alike for him when he was laid in his grave, in the city which was as much his as if he had been the prince archbishop of former days, has already given way to the more lasting and gentler covering of the sod, that kindly cloak of nature over all tearings asunder; and we can now look at the life that is over as at a completed thing, a chapter in the records of the ages which nothing can interfere with more. A very short period — a few weeks — are enough to establish this perspective, and round our little lives into that perfection which belongs only to those things which are past.

There is not much scope for ambition or worldly advancement in the position of a clergyman of the Scotch Church. Those homely endowments which her enemies would so fain take from her are small. If they maintain a simple level of comfort in the many corners of the land where no voluntary system can be sufficient to maintain, without extraneous aid, the services of an educated clergy, yet the prizes open to ecclesiastical ambition in Scotland are almost non-existent. There is no dignified and wealthy leisure within the minister's possibilities, to make up for poor pay and a laborious life on the lower levels. The best the Church can do for her successful sons is no better, in point of pecuniary recompense, than many a simple rectory on the other side of the Tweed, carrying no distinction at all. It is wonderful to think upon how little the modest honors of the Church and universities of

Scotland are upheld. The appointment held by Dr. Tulloch is one of those where the dignity is greatest and the emoluments smallest. He has held it for a long, almost unexampled, period; for it is a very rare thing for such preference to be won at an early age. His whole life, indeed, may be said to have been spent in that position — in the plain living and high thinking which colleges better endowed have made a problematical rule.

John Tulloch was born in 1823, in the manse of Tibbermuir near Perth, the eldest of a minister's family, and predestined to the hereditary office in the Church, in a day when that succession was more usual than now. He was one of a stalwart pair of twins, a most notable proof that the double birth implies no impairing of vigor, since the noble physical structure of both these sons of the manse almost gave them a right to be numbered in the race of the sons of the giants. An early contemporary speaks of his own boyish pranks in company with the younger of the two; but adds that John was too much occupied with his books to share in their exploits; which is a little surprising, for Principal Tulloch was always a lover of the open air, and of everything natural and manly. His primary education was had partially at the Madras College, St. Andrews, his connection with his future habitation thus dating from his earliest years. Half a century ago, the sturdy lads who streamed out and in of that modest centre of learning probably looked much the same as they do now, with ruddy cheeks brightened by the northern seabreezes, and tawny hair all flying in the gusts from the east. East or west, save that the sea is wilder and dashes upon the rocks with a more exhilarating vigor when it comes from the sharper eastern skies, little matters to those urchins, "hardy, bold, and wild," as befits the children of the northern coasts, bred between the hills and the sea. And no better example could be of the Saxon Scot, with a touch of the Scandinavian in his blood, than the large-limbed, yellow-haired boy, with big, well-opened eyes not untouched by dreams, who came with his satchel and his books from the Perthshire manse, intent upon making something of his life. At fourteen he had done with the Madras College, and was entered at the university — to our ideas at an age very inappropriate to the graver studies carried on there. But the system of Scottish academical teaching, as it is unnecessary to explain, was regulated by the custom of the coun-

try in this respect, and provided for boy students in a way much modified nowadays by the influence of English ideas. The curriculum was long, running over as many years as the public school and university combined occupy on the other side of the Tweed; but no Eton boy of fourteen could have the same sense of the importance and gravity of his work which a lad of the same age, supposing him to have any genuine vocation, must have experienced when he put on the red gown of the St. Andrew's student of "arts," and betook himself to the lecture-room where he was addressed as a young man. And the independence of these youths was no mere matter of feeling. It has been said that young John Tulloch cost his father nothing from the time he entered the university. Such an achievement seems almost impossible, especially when it is remembered that the scholarships which a clever boy may gain at school are, or at that time were, non-existent in the north, and that independence meant nothing less than continuous and remunerated work during all these early years.

He completed his studies in what are called the arts classes, by gaining one of the chief distinctions in the gift of the university — the Gray prize for an essay on "The Civil Institutions of Rome;" and began the more special studies of his profession in the venerable old College of St. Mary's, where he was to spend the greater part of his life. But whether some favorite professor attracted him to the other side of the Forth, or whether other circumstances led to that migration, those studies were completed in Edinburgh. In the year, 1844, returning to his native district in order to begin the work of his life, he entered the probationary order of the Scotch ministry by receiving the license to preach of the Presbytery of Perth; immediately after which he was made assistant in the Old Church of Dundee, an office corresponding to that of curate in the Church of England, except in so far that it may be held by a probationer not yet entered into orders, and therefore incapable of dispensing the sacraments of the Church — a degree less than that of deacon. He did not, however, hold this secondary position long, being ordained to one of the parish churches in that town after a brief novitiate. And then the best piece of good fortune in all his life befell the young minister. He married Miss Hindmarsh — a young lady whose youth had been spent

like his own in Perth or its neighborhood, and whom he must have known from his childhood. A more perfect marriage never was, nor perhaps, according to the rules of prudence, a more incautious one. He was twenty-two and she nineteen, and all their fortune was the small stipend of Dr. Maclachlan's "helper," with some little country living to follow when Providence should please. The boy and girl began their little housekeeping together in Dundee, where he had all the parish work to do, and she very soon the cares of a rapidly filling nursery; but the young wife brought to the common stock gifts that are better than fortune, — the disposition which brings good out of everything, a cheerful temper that nothing could disturb, a soothing and healing presence, which to the husband — himself impetuous, hot-tempered, and sensitive, apt to feel keenly all the slights of life and caprices of fortune — were precious beyond all estimate. I know few details of this young life at Dundee. There was no doubt many a struggle in it; but there were youth, and love, and boundless hope — and doubtless it was as happy as it was laborious, and courageous, and poor. It was broken by one holiday, of a kind which after occurred not unfrequently in his life — a vacation caused by the temporary breaking down of his health. He went to Germany to recover, and there learned that language so indispensable to the philosophical inquirer. He used to say in after times that no one could learn a language — that is to say, have a mind sufficiently free and at leisure for all the horrors of grammar — after twenty-five. He was under this age when he achieved German; and it was, I think, the only foreign language of which he could ever make easy colloquial use.

It was some time after, that, having attained the ripe age of five-and-twenty, he was presented to the rural parish of Kettins, in Perthshire — a living in the gift of the crown. It was a delightful change to the young couple and their babies, after Dundee; and no one could hear Dr. Tulloch, in after life, speak of this quiet little place without perceiving the loving recollection he had carried with him of its rustic tranquillity and peace. He was released from the cares and contentions of the town, from the pain of beholding privations and troubles which he could not adequately help, and all those miseries of the crowd which a clergyman cannot escape. The quiet of his country manse

was as balm to his soul. He had time to think, and time to begin another kind of work which had been wooing him, but which wanted retirement, and reading, and leisure. There was no bustle in Kettins to distract his thoughts. His parochial work, in its simplicity, was a pleasure and refreshment to him, and the poor folk, with all their humors, an endless interest. Through all his life afterwards he missed the cottages; the ploughmen, to whom he would fling a kindly greeting, in his large, round, mellow voice, as he passed the corner of the field; the women at the doors, always the better of a word from the minister. But when he went into his little study, which watchful love kept in all quietness and peace, the other vocation, which had been waiting for him, began to open to the young man. The time was approaching for that romantic periodical emulation, if anything that concerns theology in its abstrusest aspect can be called romantic, the competition for the Burnett prize, — a thing unique among intellectual contests, and which, in a few years more,* ought to be coming round again. It is just a century since it was first instituted by a benevolent but perhaps eccentric merchant of Aberdeen, who left a certain sum of money to accumulate, in order to afford a prize worth having, at periodical intervals of forty years, to the writer, or rather to two writers, of essays, on the divine character and attributes, or on the evidences of natural religion. The second of these periodical competitions was approaching when young Tulloch became minister of Kettins; and this was the work to which he addressed himself in the unusual country leisure. Books such as he required were not easily found at the foot of the Grampians; but he had the library of his Alma Mater at St. Andrews to draw upon, and plunged into the work with heart and soul. Either before he commenced this great task, or in moments of relaxed effort in the midst of it, he had begun to find utterance in various periodicals, chiefly, I believe, in the *North British Review*, then recently established, where, moved by the mingled admiration and indignation which that extraordinary brilliant and painful book naturally called forth, he reviewed Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," and — a still more important matter for himself — Bunsen's "Hippolytus." But the essay on theism was the chief

work of this period. One can imagine how the greatness of the subject took possession of mind and fancy, and how, as he trudged far afield, through all weathers, to hillside farmhouse and cottage, to the bedsides of the dying, to console and advise in all the nameless troubles that come to a country minister's ear, his thoughts would return again and again to that high argument, and find illustration and enrichment in all the incidents of the way, and the unfoldings of the human souls about him. And in the evening, when these labors were over, and the other unrecorded toils of the frugal house completed — the children asleep, and all else at rest — his young wife sometimes sitting by him while he continued the theme, sometimes, like George Eliot's most beautiful conception, waking in the night to fulfil that labor of love, copied carefully out each chapter as it was completed, and made her modest comments — his first judge and critic, as well as his constant aid. What labors, what high interests, what sacred hours, stolen from sleep and ease, what happy nights and days!

It is very evident that by this time Tulloch had already become known as a young man of no common promise. His sermons, which in later days would sometimes touch by moments the highest note of religious eloquence, must already have begun to produce the effect which invariably follows that most telling kind of intellectual production. The few but remarkable contributions to periodical literature which had by this time appeared from his pen had also made an impression upon the minds of his contemporaries. With all this, however, it still seems difficult to account for the choice of so young a man, for the dignified office to which, from the simplicity of Kettins, he was all at once promoted. It is said that the influence of Baron Bunsen, whom he had delighted by his review of "Hippolytus," was exerted in his favor. That genial and most plausible and persuasive of diplomatists was then at the height of his reputation in England — a power in society, flattered and *félicité* everywhere. It is quite consistent with his character that the favorable criticism in which he felt himself comprehended should delight him, as well as that he should endeavor to return the gratification by active service to his sympathetic critic. But there were also other influences at work. The conflict between opposing parties ran high in the north, and the candidates for the principalship were violently supported on

* By an unwarrantable perversion of the founder's intentions, these magnificent prizes have been abolished, and the fund applied to the establishment of a semi-secularist lectureship. — ED. B. M.

one side and the other, so that a compromise by which both parties might be, if not satisfied, yet silenced, became desirable to the lovers of peace. In these circumstances, Sir David Brewster, then principal of St. Leonard's College, who knew what were the special studies of the minister of Kettins, and who probably felt sure that the work on which Tulloch was engaged would afford a full justification of the choice, proposed him for the vacant office of principal of St. Mary's. To back up such a recommendation, Baron Bunsen's mellow and persuasive voice would be both powerful and appropriate, and Lord Palmerston was one of the men to whom youth itself was always a recommendation. By this junction of means it came about that at thirty-one, in the first flower of his manhood, with every augury and promise in his favor, though without much foundation of work accomplished behind him, John Tulloch was appointed to the office—in Scotland a great piece of preferment, though its emoluments were of the smallest—in which he spent all the rest of his life. It is very seldom that so young a man finds himself thus placed at the very climax of his desires with so little of the struggle and uncertainty of early effort. And yet the man who had begun active work, and taken all the responsibilities of life upon him, at twenty-two, had not been without his share of these experiences. It has been common to say that the extreme overwork of this period produced consequences in after life which did much to weaken his strength; but I cannot say that I see any proof of this. His work was great and inspiring, not excessive. He spent between five and six years in the happy quiet of Kettins. It was a time to which he referred with affectionate pleasure all the rest of his life. Besides the tranquil labors of his parish, he had the congenial and chosen work of that first essay in Christian philosophy, and a comparatively small amount of periodical writing. There was nothing in this to tire or weaken any man. He came to St. Andrews in the full freshness of his intellect and the flower of manhood, looking, I think, a little older than his age—no inappropriate figure in that chair which, still with much of the air of a young man, with his fine person rather improved than injured by all the intermediate years, he left but the other day, never to return.

Here he began his work with all the satisfaction of a man who has attained the place that suits him best.

The generous spirit who when brought Among the tasks of real life hath wrought Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought, could not have found a finer example. From thenceforward "the principal" assumes the only title by which we recognize him, and becomes visible, always a fine and genial presence, against the habitual background which is associated with him as closely as any sphere ever became identified with a leading spirit. Old St. Andrews, with its grey sea, which sometimes leaps into such brilliant blueness, as clear, if keener, than the Mediterranean itself; with those soft swelling links of velvet green, within the guardianship of the sandhills, where the favorite outdoor game of Scotland is pursued with youthful enthusiasm and elderly calm, all the generations together; with its solemn ruins rising high upon the little headland, its stately grey street of antique houses, its students in their red gowns,—comes before us like a picture, at the sound of Principal Tulloch's name. It has many associations of an older date, old principals humorous and wise, professors with names known over all the world, leaving kindly recollections at home. But to the present generation it is going far enough back to recall the bright and witty society which made the place delightful when the new principal of St. Mary's came from his Perthshire parish, startling the little community, which at first did not perhaps quite know what to make of the young household,—the invasion of the good-humored yet sometimes wrathful giant, so large, with such an atmosphere of unhampered rural life about him, so unconventionally at his ease in his academic garments, so distinct an embodiment of a modern philosophy and a new spring of being among the older traditions. The place was warm with the true brightness of society, a community concerned with the same interests, living on the same level, its members seeing each other daily, their occupations and amusements the same; yet with something perhaps in the more rugged northern nature to prevent that monotony of intellectualism which blights most academic circles. Sir David Brewster was still at its head when Tulloch was appointed; and there too was Professor Ferrier, not the abstruse yet gentle philosopher whom strangers know, but the head of a most original and delightful household, running over with wit and beauty, with quip and prank, and harmless satire and laughter. At Strath-tyrum, close by, lived the ever-respected

editor of this magazine, John Blackwood, with a varying group always about him — men of literature, men of arms, an occasional statesman, or witty philosopher. The laughter is all silent, the familiar figures gone. What was so bright and life-like, as if it might last forever, has fallen into the shadows and darkness. What wonder! for human generations move swiftly, and all this is more than thirty years ago.

Amid this characteristic circle the new principal soon took his place with universal appreciation and content; and the award of the great prize following soon after, with its agreeable accompaniment of £600, and all the pleasant excitement of the triumph, gave to his settlement the *clat* of success. The essay on theism was published in 1855, with a dedication to Sir David Brewster, in which cordial thanks are rendered for the books supplied through him to the author in his retirement. The title given to this volume — Principal Tulloch's first important contribution to literature — is characteristic, and shows with what steadfast unity he carried out his first conception of the special Christian work he had to do. "The Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-Wise and Beneficent Creator" is the title of this book. The position which he thus took up from the beginning was that of one to whom all truth is reasonable, to whom the warm consent of the soul is always necessary. Not, indeed, that he attempted or desired those processes of proof by which every spiritual act must be made comprehensible to the mind which can conceive of nothing higher than material evidence. This was never his point of view. But he liked to trace a nobler reason, to obtain a profounder response, to show how in all times God has silently demonstrated himself to his children by that internal conviction which is greater than evidence, and that the analogy of all that is reasonable and human is on the side of faith. He adopted this as the subject of his researches and his thoughts, in their earliest phase, and he kept it unbroken to the end. His mind knew no departure from this leading principle. He had but little regard for those doctrines which are supported by tradition alone, and found little interest in the contentions of different systems. He was a member of a Presbyterian Church by nature and circumstances, and he felt within her bounds ample scope and verge enough for all he could do in the service of God and his brethren. But he would not have gone

to the stake for Presbyterianism. The constitution of the external Church was more or less indifferent to him. He would probably have been an uneasy subject under the sway of a bishop, as he was often an impatient critic of the petty parliament of a Presbytery. Everything of the kind was to him secondary. The object of his thoughts and of his life was to demonstrate that what God requires of us is always a reasonable service; that the human mind at its highest can find no such harmonious solution of all its problems as in his ways and methods; and that whatever new lights may be thrown upon the physical details of the world-making, nature and thought, when most deeply interrogated, bear always their profoundest testimony for God. He pursued the subject throughout his life in many different branches, but never departed from it; the whole consistent purpose of his work being throughout to identify as the true pillars of the temple, equal in form, and of perfectly harmonious poise and balance, the two principles so often supposed to be antagonistic — reason and faith.

Within the first five or six years after his appointment, Principal Tulloch published two books which perhaps have remained the most popular of his works, one entitled "The Leaders of the Reformation," the other, "English Puritanism and its Leaders," both being collections of historical sketches, summing up in a very effective method the story of a period, in biographies of its leading spirits. These sketches were sufficiently light to take the popular fancy, while full of fine discrimination and judgment, and still pursued, though in a manner subordinated to the primary interest of the subject, the inquiry into rational processes of truth-discrimination and influence, and that gradual development of religious thought which he had set himself to trace. These books were received with much interest by a public a great deal wider than that which feels itself capable of comprehending an essay on an abstract subject, and fixed the principal's reputation as a powerful and picturesque writer. At the same time, his reputation grew in other ways. As his sermons became more generally known, his fame was soon established as one of the greatest of Scotch contemporary preachers. This gift is one which in Scotland never passes without appreciation; and the fervent strain of the principal's eloquence had so much of the passion of sincerity in it that it conquered

the general heart, as without this gift neither argument nor eloquence can. His extraordinarily sympathetic and sensitive nature thrilled to the contact of an assembly of hearers, whatever they might be. I have heard him say that he generally took more than one sermon into the pulpit with him, and according as his mind was affected by the multitude about him, chose what he should preach — a method perhaps as nearly in consonance with the command, "Take no heed what you shall say," as the exigencies of modern conventionality will allow. Nor was this all the effect which his audience and his subject produced upon him; for often there would come a time when the tide of feeling no longer brooked the control of premeditation, and then the book would be suddenly closed, the preacher lean over the edge of the pulpit, his hands stretched out and his features instinct with emotion, while he poured forth an appeal which came from the bottom of his heart. Sometimes this strenuous utterance of his profoundest feelings would be full of eloquence; sometimes the principal's most admiring friends would have preferred that he should have kept to the "paper," the written sermon with its more closely thought-out argument. But in either case, the impulse, the impassioned reality, were most impressive. And the people whom he addressed, perhaps of all others the audience most susceptible to the influence of the pulpit, answered with the ready warmth and confidence which add to every preacher's power.

It was, I think, in the year 1863 that the first cloud of personal suffering came across this fair and prosperous career. There are many meanings of that word — and if the reader should suppose that prosperity meant wealth or anything approaching it, he would be much deceived; but neither would it be true, on the other hand, to represent our principal as battling with care or in any way crushed by the hardships of life, or laboring beyond his strength to make up his income — which things have been said, but are not true. One specially fine point in him was that he did not thus snatch at the work which brings in money, but rather put up in his genial simplicity with the want of the money, which was a thing that did not trouble him much. No doubt he could, if he had chosen, have filled the magazines with hasty writing, as indeed many have done without blame. But this was not at all the principal's way. He was rather of the old-fashioned mode of

thinking in respect to literary work, and would not bargain about it, placing instead a fine confidence in his publisher, and holding the antique faith that literature demanded labor and leisure and quiet thought, and was not a thing to be hurried or done deliberately for money without any other or higher aim. All that he wrote was produced under these often-contemned conditions, without flurry or disturbance, and was his best, the careful outcome of his mind, no pot-boiling nor scribble-scrabble. He was accustomed to a home ruled by a rare gift of domestic management, and no man could have fewer personal wants or less expensive tastes. Therefore, though his income was always small and his family large, he who was never moved by the social weakness which aims at false appearances, was delivered at the same time from the feverish eagerness of the workman who strains at every possibility of adding to his means. There was about him something too big and magnanimous — something too careless and easy-going — to admit of this. With his large nature above pretence, he could be poor without thinking twice; but he could not be the shifty, eager, restless man of letters, with a reminiscence of Grub Street, and his name in all the periodicals. That was contrary to every law of his nature. So that, instead of working much to eke out his income, he lived poor, yet without sign or consciousness of any pinch, and wrote when it pleased him, doing his best at his leisure, as was natural to him. I believe that in this household, governed by a noble thrift, which never forbade hospitality nor charity nor kindness, the question of money was to both husband and wife always an entirely secondary one, so long as there was but enough for the simple necessities of life. Therefore, in speaking of this time of unclouded prosperity, I mean the prosperity of health and happiness, and love and labor — of all those realities that make existence blessed, and not of the meaner prosperity which depends upon a balance at the bank. Everything had gone well with them; there was no break in the ranks of the family, no aches of heart. To show with what simplicity and blamelessness, with what peace and happiness, this abundant life had been filled, I may say that one of the complaints to which he gave almost childlike utterance, when illness first overshadowed him, was that his first feeling when he woke in the morning was not one of pleasure but of pain. He had lived some forty years in

the world, and yet he was pathetically surprised that his first waking thought should not be bright! A friend of his, younger in years but far more experienced in trouble, recorded at the time, with a smile and a sigh, this wondering complaint made by the sufferer, with a remonstrance and appeal to heaven and earth in his wide-opened eyes. What breadths of white and spotless life, what a blameless record, must have lain behind the man who at forty had never known what it was to encounter a heavy thought when he first opened his eyes upon the new day!

The illness of which this was a symptom was not one of the honest maladies of the body that explain themselves, and that medical treatment has a simple course with. It showed itself in the cloud of a great depression and despondency, against which this happy man could not hold up his head. By what subtle action of mind on body, or body on mind — those indefinable partners in the unity of human being — it comes about that this mysterious form of malady attacks so many in our day, is a question too profound to be discussed by the ignorant. For want of a better explanation it is generally attributed to over-work, or over-strain of the intellectual faculties, or nervous exhaustion — I know not what. It rose upon Principal Tulloch like a cloud out of a clear sky, no one knowing how or wherefore. Perhaps further medical investigations may disclose by what miserable accidental jar the fine machinery of being can be put out of trim, and so much suffering come without any sufficient or apparent cause. On such a subject the uninstructed can have nothing to say, except to record that this cloud did somehow develop out of skies as serene as ever smiled over mortal man, in the midst of a life so cheerful, simple, and unspotted, that it seemed to afford no standing-place for harm of any kind. The present writer had seen much of the principal in the previous summer, in the ease of country life and Highland travel; and the recollection of all the pleasant nonsense which springs up in such intercourse — the mild jests, the easy laughter, so much of it circling about himself, and his own humorous ways — comes back with an innocence of saddened mirth which, even in the moment of grief, has nothing inappropriate in it. But the next year brought a change, and he whose laugh had been in itself the cause of laughter, whose perception of the ludicrous had been so ready,

whose swift wrath against all pretences had dropped so easily into a humorous sympathy even with the ridiculous, now turned to the world a saddened countenance, with that look of expostulation and remonstrance in his eyes, which was at all times one of their characteristic expressions, but which now acquired a pathos and air of trouble which went to the heart.

By some extraordinary freak of fancy, his disturbed mind had fixed upon — surely the most innocent sin that ever troubled an invalid conscience — a certain erroneous quotation which he had once made in a speech, I think, before the Presbytery. Whether he had put the sense wrong, or whether it was merely a false quantity, I do not recollect, nor what the phrase was. Most people will remember some slip of the kind which, when suddenly recalled to memory years after, will send the blush of shame coursing to their finger-ends. This effect, momentary in most cases, took entire possession of the principal's fancy for a time, and with such profound feeling did he speak of it, that I well remember the struggle of sympathy for his evident suffering contending with an almost comic sense of the triviality of the occasion, until at last the anxious listener, entirely carried away by the real trouble in those appealing eyes, broke forth into the advice, as fantastic as the cause of it, that he should call together again the same audience, and make his confession of error to them; the error of a false quantity! I quote this to show how real was the suffering, how profoundly genuine the impression it made, and how tragically absurd the apparent cause. Of course it was some trick of disordered nature that took advantage of this trivial incident, as the child in Wordsworth's poem took the weathercock which caught his eye suddenly at the moment of perplexity, for the cause of his preference. This curious revelation, and the scene of it, — a little mall shadowed with overarching elms, under which we walked up and down; a May morning cloudy yet sweet; the village green at one side, the high old-fashioned red-brick houses of an English suburban hamlet on the other; and his own large and imposing presence in all the force of manhood, with every line of his countenance drawn, and the great eyes so full of trouble, — come back as I write, almost with the freshness of present vision.

This cloud, though not always in the same form, hung over him for nearly a

year — though in the midst of all the suffering, gleams of humor would come in, and many a little tragi-comic incident relieved the gloom to the anxious watchers who surrounded him, and even by moments to himself. It finally dispersed in the course of a year's travelling, upon which he set out in the autumn of 1863. He went to the East by sea, in which he always delighted, and joined a party in Rome in the end of that year, much improved in health and spirits, talking of Olympus and Mount Ida, and all the incidents of his voyage, with reviving pleasure. He saw a good deal of the English society in Rome during this winter, and entered fully into the life, half pleasure, half study, of an intelligent visitor there. Here as everywhere he found many friends; and gradually the mist of trouble which had been in all the atmosphere about him melted away — although his residence in Rome was saddened by the great and overwhelming calamity which befell some of his fellow-travellers, and linked that saddest city, to so many the abode of sorrow, in mournful associations with all after life. It is needless to say that the principal entered into the grief and bereavement of his friends with the tenderest sympathy, and that amid all the confused and terrible recollections of a time well-nigh of despair, some of his words and looks stand out as fresh in everlasting remembrance as the great blow which called them forth.

The expedition was extended in spring to Naples and the surrounding country. He came in April to Capri, where a portion of the party had gone to seek quiet and such restoration as was possible — and from that lovely island visited Amalfi, Pæstum, and other places of interest. There was great talk of brigands and danger when the little party crossed the wild and lonely plain to that strange deserted spot where the old temples of the Greek colony stand empty but almost perfect in solemn solitude against the sky. It was indeed only a year after that a similar band of English travellers was stopped and detained in uneasy bondage on the same spot. The principal's manly form and size were a protection to his companions, however, and a source of endless admiration to the people about. In Capri, the tribe of guides and attendants who soon cluster about a little band of ladies and children, and so easily assume the place of friends and sympathetic retainers, gazed at him when he appeared in his great height and stateliness, with the

barba rossa and fair Saxon color which charms the swarthy southern race, with speechless admiration at first — till Feliciello, the favorite of all, and himself a handsome fellow in despair of being able otherwise to give expression to his feeling, came forward in a sort of rapture, and patted energetically on the shoulder, in sign of applause and admiration, this unaccustomed and splendid specimen of humanity.

The principal's mind was very much occupied while in Italy with Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*," then recently published, and much affecting, if not the public mind, yet the public talk. The French sentimentalist found but few points of sympathy in the mind of the manly thinker, whose sympathy with all freedom of thought, and tolerance of all honest opinion, never weakened his devout and earnest sense that in the character and life of our Lord lies all Christianity; but the principal was much too anxious that his students, the future clergy of his Church, should be fitted at all points, and ready to take the fictitious glitter out of a popular romance as well as the fallacy out of a piece of reasoning, to neglect a work which had occupied so much of the attention of the public, and which was read in many circles which had neither time nor patience for graver works. Accordingly, in the leisure of his Roman holiday he took up this piece of work, and on the slopes of the Pincian prepared for the young men at St. Mary's a series of lectures upon the new attempt to take their highest meaning out of the Gospels. Disabled from guiding the thoughts of his students personally as he was wont (though even at that moment it was his lectures that were being read to them, and the thread of his instruction was unbroken), he felt a pleasure in giving up to them the best of his mind and reflections, as he came back slowly to perfect health. "I felt," he says in his preface to the lectures when they were eventually published, "with returning strength reluctant to be idle in my professional capacity, even amidst the engrossing glories of Rome." And he adds, with a touching personal reference: "To myself these lectures have something of a mournful interest, associated as they have been with a time of painful trial and suffering. At such a time one learns to look within to see on what one's life is resting. Christianity is nothing to me or any man if it is not a source of living strength, 'the light of life.' This, I trust, I have found

it to be in a time of need. And out of the fullness of my feeling I have spoken."

The lectures were read to successive companies of friends in Rome, English, Scotch, and American, "chiefly clerical," and everywhere met with sympathy and appreciation. It was well that the Frenchman, offering to the world a sort of romance of spiritual enthusiasm — the story of a beautiful Galilean youth, instead of that of the Man of Sorrows — should have been met by one who was himself of the sect of the romantics, and as apt to perceive the picturesque pictures and lovely human incidents of that divine life, as any one could be, — but to see them with that sublime accompaniment which alone makes them harmonious, and which the narrator on the other side has to supply by suggestions of guile and imposture which are antagonistic to his own ideal, as well as to the loftier ideal of the Christian. I have always thought that the little book in which these lectures were finally given to the public, contains some of the finest passages the principal has ever written; especially that in which with fine originality he points out the difference between the death of our Lord and that of all the martyrs and saints — the wonderful mystery of suffering and awe which surrounds the accomplishment of the great sacrifice, in comparison with those joyful encounters of torture and pain which his servants made in his name. The passage is one which did not, so far as I recollect, call forth very much comment; it occurs almost at the end of the book. But I have never seen the thought put forward anywhere else, nor the same comparison made; and there are few more beautiful descriptions of the central fact in the Christian faith.

Principal Tulloch came home in 1864 quite well, and in full vigor of mind and body, having spent some time in Tübingen on his way, where he renewed his acquaintance with some German thinkers, and refreshed his knowledge of German thought. He returned to take an ever-increasing part in the business of the Church, where his position at that moment, though always one of power and influence, was far from being a tranquil or universally approved one. He had taken a leading part in the movement towards freer thought and a more liberal interpretation of the historical standards of the Church — which is always a daring step, and bound to create opposition both among the formalists, who can bind their minds from all independent movement,

and the simpler race of old-fashioned believers, who do not inquire how far their own developing thoughts are in absolute and rigid accordance with the documents which they have signed and hold in perfect good faith. Principal Tulloch was also in warm accord with those ministers and supporters of the Church who labored to bring the unnecessary plainness and rudeness of the system of public worship, by no means intended by the earliest authorities, which had grown into habitual use after the Revolution — into greater accordance with more catholic rules of worship and the usages of the universal Church, as well as of what seemed to them to be required by the altering wishes of their own generation. On both these points he was what we may call a member of the opposition, and controversies raged warm and strong, as is the nature at once of religious polemics and of the national character. He had been elected to the office of clerk-depute of the Assembly in 1862, a sort of ecclesiastical clerk of the House of Commons — could we suppose a clerkship in that House to be held by an influential member — and was consequently a permanent member of the Assembly, not able to escape from any discussion. Though thus so inextricably mixed up with ecclesiastical business, he had little taste for it; and when the reader accompanies him into that arena, it is needless to attempt to deny that it is a stormy scene into which he enters, and that here our principal was perhaps not always perfect, but displays something of that paradox which gives interest and complication to almost all characters that call for human study.

His intellect was most tolerant, his judgment strongly (almost violently, if we may be permitted to use words so paradoxical) against every kind of violence. When he says, speaking of Renan, that whatever the faults of that writer, he had not "felt called upon to indulge in any denunciation," he was expressing most truthfully his mental disposition. "To all personal criticism in such discussions I have a strong aversion," he says. "It never does any good, and it is in itself a mean and contemptible weapon." Such was the accurate description of his sober thought and feeling. But personal controversy has an excitement in it which carries away many shields and defences; and he who in his library, with his pen in his hand, was the soul of healthful moderation, dispassionate and tolerant, had not always the same command of him-

self in the hotter and narrower field of debate. At such times he spoke sometimes too strongly, with hot impulses of feeling, with those sudden uncontrollable gusts of impatience which come without premeditation, and are generally repented of as quickly as conceived. This fault of temper became naturally more evident when his health was at all impaired, and it made him subject to many frets and worries which a calmer disposition would have escaped, but which he felt to the very centre of his being. His extreme sensitiveness and susceptibility to impression was the quality of which, according to the wise French formula, this was the defect. He could not have felt everything so keenly, without laying himself open to the risk of feeling some things too much. This irritability and tendency to impatience made many things a burden to him which perhaps need not have been so. They made the meetings of the Assembly, in which he always took an important part, extremely trying to him, causing more wear and tear in a fortnight than a more impervious nature might have encountered in years. Sometimes he would be tempted to a flash of impatience which vexed his spirit after it was over, and looked much more important than it was in the retrospection; and the strain of self-control to avoid such lapses was great, and told upon his strength. The stolidity of the commonplace mind, and its inability to understand, were often intolerable to him; and the extreme sincerity of his nature made it more difficult to him than to most men to disguise his feelings. He was easily bored, and was apt to resent it, with a humorous perception, however, of the absurdity of the dullness which enraged him, and of himself in being enraged by it, which by a happy touch might at any time be turned into laughter.

It is impossible, however, to deny that these tendencies did much to overcloud his life. They were his only moral difficulties, so far as ever appeared. They acted upon his nervous system, and helped to produce the repeated attacks of illness which reduced his strength. The happy obtuseness which is to many of us a sort of natural coat-armor against all the pricks of human intercourse, was not his. He had no defence at all against these worries. And it is one of the most curious paradoxes of nature how a man so tolerant of intellect, so ready to put himself mentally in the place of another, to make allowance for a different point of view in his greatest opponent, and to perceive real

agreement through every cloud of apparent dissimilarity, should have been, in absolute personal encounter so over-sensitive, so impatient of stupidity and opposition. But so it was. It could scarcely be called a blot in him, so woven in was it with his most attractive characteristics, with the sensitiveness, the *naïveté*, the straightforwardness of his nature; but it was the crevice in his armor, the weak point, through which all dangers made themselves felt.

During these maturing years, however, and notwithstanding all such trifling defects in his public life, the principal's influence and estimation in the minds of all men grew and expanded. There was perhaps no man in Scotland after the lamented death of Norman Macleod who occupied so large a place in the general eye, nor any out of Scotland who was so universally received as the representative of the Scottish Church in its best aspect. Perhaps he was never seen to better advantage than amid the finer culture and more fastidious intellectualism of English university circles, where something in the size and physical grandeur of the man enhanced the effect of a training less fettered if less delicate, a freer nature, a character to which conventional bondages were impossible — and where he seemed to bring the fresh breezes of a wider atmosphere into the somewhat exhausted and languid groves of Academe. In what is called society, that sphere compounded of so many spheres, where with all its defects there is so curious and delicate a balance of social qualities, the large and simple figure of this Scottish principal, so natural and individual, so full of racy freshness and originalities, so genial and cheerful and kind, yet never without that touch of restrained impatience which made even the fine ladies aware that he was a man who would not be bored, and whose attention was as much a compliment to them as theirs were to him — was everywhere delightful. It is well known that no one of his nation, and few of any other, was more acceptable to the queen, who at once discovered and distinguished him, with that knowledge and understanding of character which her Majesty's long experience and natural discrimination have made so valuable. The principal became one of the queen's chaplains in Scotland as early as 1862, and rarely failed to be called to Balmoral on every occasion of the royal residence there. His sermons, his conversation, and the easy and genuine nature which in all circumstances

was always itself, were especially welcome in a sphere where it is so difficult to retain that freedom and freshness; and her Majesty, than whom no one is more ready to appreciate those qualities, soon came to regard him as a trusted friend.

In 1872, a work which may now be considered the most important of his life, the "Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy," was published. It had occupied him for some years, during which he had fully studied a subject always so congenial to him—following out with enthusiasm the development of thought, and selecting with keen and characteristic relish from behind the stormy ranks of the fighters that long succession of thinking men, spectators of the more noisy struggles of the world, who were to his mind the salt of the earth, and through whose temperate and modest hands the varied thread of philosophical development had come. To the great majority of men those who appear most conspicuously at the head of affairs, in the past as in the present, carry the strongest interest, and it is the footsteps of the leaders of great movements, the successful generals, the most important actors in real life, which attract our attention across the ages. But to other minds there is a more subtle and intense pleasure in finding out, perhaps behind backs, perhaps waited away into some retired corner, the secondary figures on the great stage of the past, who, withdrawn from its excitements and strife, have carried on a work which did not tell much in their day, but which slowly, gradually, supplemented by the continuous labor of the like-minded, has worked out an enduring inheritance of thought, and made for the mind a national channel, in which its speculations and discoveries can flow with a difference among the other streams and rivers of divine philosophy. This was the special sphere in which Principal Tulloch found his work and pleasure. Even in the more popular biographical studies of his earlier work it had been delightful to him to show how the rills of unseen influence ran and prepared the universe, before each great outburst of reformation or revolution. The very impatience of his mind, to which the contentions of Parliament and strife of tongues were intolerable, developed in him this taste for the backgrounds of history, the silent places where, impatient like himself of commotion and argument, the thinkers of the nations took refuge, superior or indifferent to the struggles going on outside.

From all the conflicts of the king and the Parliament, in none of which can an optimist mind find full satisfaction, whatever may be its point of view, where it is harassed with kingcraft and falsehood on one hand, with arrogant self-certainty and iconoclasm on the other—how refreshing to turn aside from all that strife and take refuge with the noble Falkland, that true and spotless knight, who could give his life for the king in sadness and disapproval but faithful service, yet could not give his assent to the proceedings in which the war took rise! He who, torn from his beloved retirement, followed so bravely but so sadly the fortunes of the failing cause; who, "sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word, '*Peace. peace.*' and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart"—yet when fighting began, exposed himself to all hazards, and died cheerfully, in clean linen like a bridegroom, glad in that valiant way to escape from all those contradictions,—was such a hero as delighted the soul of the principal, incapable of applauding either Cromwell or Charles. And the studies which led him into still deeper quietudes of thought, with Hales at Cambridge and at Eton, with Chillingworth in the changes of belief into which the candor of an inquirer led him, with the Platonists in Cambridge, were congenial to every tendency of his own nature. No better description, perhaps, could be given of his own natural mode of thought and intellectual tendencies than that which he gives of John Hales, whose spectator attitude in regard to the controversies which tore the religious world asunder at the beginning of his career, his hatred of polemical discussions afterwards, his impartiality of mind, not unmingled with that indulgence for the weakness of others which can scarcely exist without some faint and probably quite amiable tincture of contempt, might be taken for a picture of his own.

Liberal as are his opinions for the age, he exhibits no rashness or intemperance of statement. He sees the folly of mere deference to authority in religion. He exposes the main vice of theology in all ages—the substitution of human opinion or "conceit" in the place of divine truth. He expresses himself "bluntly" at times, but never coarsely, and his intellectual temper, upon the whole, is admirably

balanced. In a true sense his mind is "unshackled;" he has thrown himself loose, that is to say, from many prejudices. But he is nevertheless always reverent, earnest, and moderate. He sees very well that it is not the clergy or any particular class of men that are mainly to blame for prevailing bigotries; it is rather the natural sloth and prejudice of human nature. He is content, therefore, to unfold the evil and point the remedy. He knew human nature too well, and had studied human history too intelligently, to suppose that he could speedily enlarge men's thoughts on such a subject as religion. He held up a higher light in his own teaching, but he was aware how many, from weakness of reason or strength of passion, would continue to turn away from it. He was no more fitted to be a reformer than a martyr. His reason was too wide and large, and he felt all the difficulties of a subject too keenly, to thrust his own views impatiently or violently upon others.

This fine picture of the man to whom all sides of truth are lovable, and who feels its many-sidedness so strongly, that he cannot even shut out a possibility in favor of some sides which he might not know, sets forth most clearly what was the principal's ideal position in all matters, both of religious and philosophical inquiry. It has been said by an able critic, that the impression conveyed to his mind in the course of many conversations with Tulloch was, that there was something of hopelessness underlying all his interest in the questions of the day. And in the sense of the above quotation so there was. He was not hopeful of public comprehension, or of the possibility of imbuing with lofty reasonableness the ordinary crowd. This feeling is fully expressed in the conclusion of the passage we have already quoted:—

A constant experience makes it evident that there are certain minds constitutionally incapable of any freedom of opinion in religious matters. They neither desire it for themselves nor understand it in others. A freedom of speculation like Hales's startles and confuses them without awakening in them any higher thoughts. They seem only capable of receiving the truth in some partial half-superstitious form; and if the superstitious vesture is stripped away, truth itself is apt to follow. They have none of our author's power of discriminating the essential from the accidental in religion. And Hales knew this very well. He knew, also, the violent and harmful prejudices which persons of this contracted turn are apt to entertain towards men of a more liberal thoughtfulness. He had heard both himself and his friend Chillingworth denounced with coarse violence as Socinians. To a man of quiet, scholarly temper, such things are odious. It is not only that they feel them unmerited,

but that they also feel that no vindication they could make would be intelligible to the men who urge them. For those who deal in such charges are invariably incognisant of the deeper grounds of religious opinion. They judge of religious differences from the outside—from superficial resemblance or antagonism. With no finer edges either to their intellect or their conscience, with no subtlety or depth of spiritual imagination, they cannot penetrate below the most obvious distinction of belief; and especially they cannot understand minds which, like Hales's, are constantly seeking a unity of religious conception,—which delight, in search after such a unity, to strip off the scholastic folds in which religious opinion has been swathed, and to see divine truth according to the "simplicity which is in Christ."

The book which contains these fine passages and many more, fully expressive of the writer's mind as well as of those of the men whom he treats of, was the great work of his life. Upon it he would, I cannot doubt, have been ready to stake what reputation posterity—always so doubtful in its judgment, and little to be calculated upon by contemporaries—may hereafter accord him as a writer. The breadth and candor of view which he esteemed above all others, does not, it is to be feared, attract so many minds as the uncompromising opinions and hard-and-fast conviction of the more determined dogmatist. The ordinary public does not discriminate between the mere "halter between two opinions," which is the most despicable of characters, and the broad and humorous intelligence which comprehends both. But the reader who would know the principal at his best, will also secure for himself a great deal of valuable knowledge, and delightful reading, by returning to this book. Its name is cumbersome and unfortunate; and it is difficult for those to whom the grave studies of philosophical history are unfamiliar, and who fly from disquisition and theory, to realize that a work entitled "*Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in the Seventeenth Century*" is one of the most readable of books, and full of lifelike and delightful sketches of some of the most attractive of men.

A short time after the publication of this work, Principal Tulloch was appointed one of the members of a Scotch Education Board, to organize Scotch schools according to the provisions of the new Education Act. This kept him in constant motion and occupation, throwing him much in contact with interesting people, and affording him a great deal of pleasant work, with less risk of controversy

and difference of opinion than is involved in all ecclesiastical organizations. But the constant absences which it made necessary, and interference with other still more urgent occupations, the strain and complication of duties which it brought about, probably did him more harm than the open-air activity and healthful public business did him good; and in 1874 he was again obliged to give up active work for a time, and make a voyage to America for his health, which he did in the pleasant yacht and company of his friend Mr. Duncan. This journey, which has lost much of its freshness now that it is so general, impressed him with the activity and extraordinary economical organization of American life, but not to any enthusiasm for its forms or customs. He wrote one or two articles in *Good Words* on the features that struck him, but did not care to go deeply into the question, feeling, I think, more the profundity of conventionalism in the younger society than anything of that originality for which, coming from an old civilization, he had naturally looked. But the height of convenience to which telegraphs and all the other outside paraphernalia of progress have been brought, did interest and amuse him greatly. And he was pleased, as every traveller is, with the wonderful hospitality and magnificent reception accorded to visitors in the wealthy and lavish houses of New York.

The novelty and change, and the freshness of the sea voyage, renewed his strength, and he pursued his course through all the '70's with energy and success. Labors and honors poured upon him. In 1875 he was the first of the lecturers appointed by the Croall bequest to deliver a series of lectures in St. George's, Edinburgh, where, during the winter, he discoursed with lucid force and fervor to very large and interested congregations upon the "Christian Doctrine of Sin." These lectures were afterwards published, and both in the hearing and the reading were worthy his reputation. A still more important engagement of this period was the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, which, at the request of the Messrs. Longmans, he accepted and held for some years. This magazine had not retained its original popularity, and it was hoped that his name and inspiration would have given it new life. But it was not an office for which he was adapted, and some of his warmest friends saw him take it upon himself with regret; for he carried his warm feelings and sympathies with him into every work he undertook, and

was pained to give pain, and disquieted by failure in a way which no editor ought to be. He was not successful, accordingly, in this undertaking; but his connection with it ended in perfect harmony with the eminent firm for which he had acted, and with a warm feeling on both sides of regard and respect. The graceful and charming little work on Pascal, which forms one of the volumes of Messrs. Blackwood's series of Foreign Classics, was written with much enjoyment in the task about this time.

In 1878 the Church of Scotland bestowed upon him the highest honor in her power by electing him moderator of the General Assembly — the president, so to speak, of that yearly Parliament which has always been of so much consequence to Scotland. It may perhaps be difficult for the English reader to realize a state of affairs so widely different from anything which exists south of the Tweed, or to conceive the idea of this popular chamber of deputies, half laymen, half clergy, which is no ornamental convocation or local synod, but in every sense of the word a sort of national Parliament, with power to act as well as to argue and debate. The moderator for the time being is the first man of the Church, her representative before the world, and has important duties in society as well as those of ruling over and "moderating" the debates and legislation of the year. The principal was master of all the traditions and business of the house, and first in every important movement; and his personal qualities and influence, as well as practice of the world, conferred dignity on the post he was so eminently qualified to fill. The modest splendor of that fortnight in Edinburgh, so simple, yet full of society, and the homage in a sort of that original and strongly marked population, was very pleasant to him. It was Lord Rosslyn who then filled the position of lord high commissioner, the queen's deputy to the Assembly; and it is acknowledged on all hands that there has seldom been a more graceful representative of the courtly element than this poet peer, with the charming group of ladies which accompanied him. For that short period Edinburgh is gay. Old Holyrood brightens to the lights and glitter of society; and that amusing simulacrum of a court — lasting not long enough to claim any serious consideration, pretending to no special significance, with no privilege save that of collecting the queen's lieges together, and offering a shadow of hospitality in the

beautiful old rooms which only then are employed for social uses — pleases in its momentary stateliness the somewhat hard-headed community, which laughs at but likes the old-world institution of this periodical vice-regal visit. The moderator on his side has also his entertaining to do, and a court of his own. And everything combined to do the principal honor. He was much better known in the world than most of the venerable occupants of that presiding chair; and it is pleasant to reflect that this special distinction came to him while he was able to take the pleasure of it fully, and without any shadow upon its brightness.

Shortly after this climax of his clerical life, another very severe attack of illness prostrated the principal. Once more the heavy cloud which had come and rolled away, and come again on various previous occasions, engulfed the natural brightness of a life which seemed to have less occasion than that of most men for those overwhelming shadows of mortal trouble. All had gone well with the many children who had grown to manhood and womanhood around him. His eldest son had gained for himself a position of which his father had occasion to be proud. His daughters were scattered, but in happy homes of their own. As time went on, the beautiful old house at St. Mary's had become the centre of a prosperous tribe, — young mothers who "brought their babe and made their boast," new connections, all harmonious, satisfactory, full of tender pride and admiration for the head of the house, while still there were children left at home to keep up the traditions of the cheerful family. Whatever external difficulties there might have been were smoothed and lightened. His wife's health indeed, which had been much shaken, kept an ever-present anxiety in the foreground of the principal's life; but even that was lulled by habit, and by the growing hope that this most precious existence was not itself in danger. But notwithstanding all those good things that surrounded his path, and of which he took the fullest enjoyment — notwithstanding his vigorous constitution, his lessening cares, and his commanding and now fully established position — once more the cloud of mysterious illness closed over him. So far as I am aware, not even the most skilled of physicians can say what it was. His fine intelligence remained unaffected, yet was rendered unproductive, practically useless, by a miserable introspection, a sense of overwhelming gloom

and wretchedness for which there was no cause, and apparently no remedy, until it had worked itself out — of all mysterious visitations surely the most painful and the most extraordinary. Had it gone further and upset the balance of the mind altogether, it would have been less inexplicable, and probably less painful. I don't know whether he ever feared that it might do so; but it never did. It hung heaven and earth with shrouds of woe, and took from him all pleasure in the shining of the sun. This illness, I believe, was the most serious of several periodical attacks which had prostrated him. It lasted nearly a year, but at last happily passed away, after the careful treatment carried out by Dr. Ramsay, at Torquay, in the soft air and quiet of that favored spot. It was hoped by all his friends that this severe attack might be the turning-point, and that his naturally splendid physical constitution, freed of this mysterious enemy, promised for him still a brilliant autumn, and a prolonged and happy period of age.

He recovered entirely for some years his vigor and his pleasure in life, and went much about the world, enjoying society, and entering largely into public business. A few years since, the sovereign lady whose kindness and trust were always deeply appreciated, endowed him with the picturesque office of dean of the Order of the Thistle, a pleasant little distinction which amused and pleased him, calling forth his great genial laugh of humorous gratification when the jewel of the order was handed about to be admired among all the pleased and pleasant audience of children and grandchildren. About the same time, when one met him of a morning in those fresh, cool, summer days of the north, strolling about the court of his old college, with a volume of Coleridge under his arm, it was easy to divine by that, and by the return of the subject from time to time in his conversation, that the long summer vacation was to be occupied by some study of the poet philosopher, for whom he had always had a great veneration. None of the hurry of modern criticism was about this pleasant work. Everything in the principal's air and always delightful talk was full of leisure and pleasant thoughtfulness, and that long musing over a congenial subject which belonged rather to the past than the present methods of work and life. His very step, large, soft, and stately, as he crossed the little quadrangle, — perhaps to sit in the sun under the mossed apple-trees of

the old garden; perhaps to take a meditative turn along "the walk," not without a leisurely observation in the midst of his thoughts of the growth of the trees he had planted; perhaps to go up to the college library and consult some authority there, — had in it something of the leisure of the long summer holiday, disturbed by no compulsory work, and leaving room for those gentle studies of predilection which are more recreative than any amusement. It was such work as the imagination would wish to see a beloved friend engaged in, making sweet the last of his vacations. The article upon Coleridge, which probably was all the original intention, was completed, and appeared in the *Fortnightly*; but the train of thought thus began now grew, according to the construction of the principal's mind and intellectual habits, into a series of studies, in which, starting from Coleridge, he followed the influences and system of the new philosophy through all the varieties of tendency which new and individual thinkers imparted to it, till the cycle was more or less complete, and a new beginning threw that school of reflective theologians into the shade.

These studies formed a series of what are called the St. Giles's lectures — a new institution in Edinburgh, but one that has already supplied much admirable criticism and instructive historical commentary. The principal was never more in his element than in tracing out the progress of those streams and rivulets of thought. In this period there was to him a special charm; for the men of whom he had to treat were men who had influenced his own early development, and helped to shape the intellect which now found a delightful and congenial work in describing and analyzing theirs. His understanding and sympathies were at one in the theme, as he unfolded before his hearers the dreamy breadth of thinking — a great and stately river fertilizing an entire country — of the Highgate philosopher; and placed before their eyes the venerable figure of Erskine, the rugged force of Carlyle, the men of the High Church and the Broad, Newman and Maurice, Irving and Mill, the most widely differing, the sacerdotalist and the secularist, the faith that went astray out of nature into dreams and visions, and that unbelief which quenched and denied the higher constitution of nature and all that claims to be most fair in her. Work of so high a tone is seldom put before a popular audience. The old cathedral of St. Giles — renewed

and restored, though with that curious travesty of its original meaning which makes it always somewhat doubtful how far it is advantageous to turn the temples of the ancient faith into centres of a devotion whose rules have been so effectually altered — was filled with eager listeners, and made a fine sight, with all its gleaming lights, while these lectures were being delivered. Perhaps the lecturer was even more at his ease with such a characteristic assembly, an audience not often to be met with, of intellects trained in keen, dialectical schools of law and learning, and made practical by actual traffic with the world, than amid the young theorists of the university. The lectures were collected in a book, the last of the principal's publications, one of which a most able critic has said, that whether or not it may be taken for the most powerful, it is certainly the most graceful of his works. To the present writer it has an interest which makes it difficult to regard this book with the eyes of the critic. Some floating thread of association with former times had led the principal to think of conversations long past, in which his kind and brotherly imagination had allotted to her a larger share than her own memory can claim or believe in. But though his interlocutor had probably done little more than assent to what he himself said in that deeply prized and delightful intercourse, it was no less touching that his mind had recurred to the early records of a long and faithful friendship at such a moment. And I received the dedication of this beautiful little book, which was to be his last, with that pleasure in an honor not felt to be deserved, but due to the better reason of a brotherly regard, which is more akin to humility than to pride. This was the subject of the last letters which passed between us — the end of a correspondence full of an almost domestic closeness of sympathy, which had made for years the children of one family almost like members of the other, and united the elders in memories of pleasure and of sorrow more strong and enduring than even the ties of blood.

Last summer was to the principal a time of great activity and exciting occupation. The Church of Scotland, after long years of grave and dignified silence in respect to the threatenings against her of disestablishment and disendowment, at last felt, by a universal impulse, that the time was come to rise up in her own defence. The impulse seems to have been unanimous, as in times of public need a sudden

resolution so often is; and the question was debated in the last meeting of Assembly with great seriousness and fervor. It fell to the principal to take the chief part in this debate, and to urge finally upon the aroused and deeply affected legislature of the Church the need of an organized and determined resistance. This was not the usual part he had taken in her counsels. Strife was not his element, and the politics of religion never very congenial to his mind. But on this occasion the extreme seriousness of the crisis, the sense of moral indignation rising high against the persistent enemies and slanderers of the Church, overcame all other sentiments. His fine presence, his countenance, which reflected every shade of emotion, and glowed and saddened and protested as his voice did, the great sweep and storm of his oratorical power, carried away his audience, an audience not easily moved, but which felt the question before them to be one of life or death. Never, perhaps, did he make so great an impression. That grave parliament of thoughtful men had not always recognized in him the universally acknowledged leader. He had been an almost heretic in many eyes — his tolerance too large, his nature too genial, for an Assembly largely tinctured with the sternness of that Calvinistic temper which has been so much misconstrued, yet, when all is said, still affects the "harsher features and the mien more grave" of northern piety. But the prejudices of the time when Tulloch's Broad-Churchism, his inclination towards all that is beautiful and of good report, his sympathy with the "innovations" of the advanced party, had made the elder brethren shake their heads, had vanished like last year's snow. Perhaps this fact had never so fully showed itself, nor the high trust and confidence of his Church been so warmly expressed as on this occasion, when sympathy and admiration swept every cobweb by, and his companions in arms, and the young men whom he had helped to train, and the few elders, grey-haired fathers who had seen him rise to this position, gave him unanimously the applause, the approval, and the response of warm emotion to his appeal. It is said now that to some among that large and enthusiastic audience it already occurred that they should see his face no more. But it is only the event which brings to light all the *sour*d presentiments which touch men's minds, and there was in reality nothing in his appearance or manner to justify those fears.

But it is very likely that the anxiety and excitement of the crisis had told upon him. He had been in former times emphatically one of those who preferred to let the storm go by, to maintain an attitude of dignified calm in face of attack, and to refrain from disturbing the peace which is congenial to Christian progress with polemics. Another change, too, which had been for some years working in his mind, came now to open development. He had during his whole life taken the Liberal side in politics; and though he had lost confidence in the leaders of that party as far back as 1878, when he contributed to the pages of this magazine an article on "The Liberal Party and the Church of Scotland" which made no small commotion at the moment, he had still tried to believe, even against hope, in the pledge that the interests of the Church were not to be affected on less than the most urgent argument — the proved desire of Scotland that it should be so. But when it became apparent at the last election that Mr. Gladstone no longer thought this pledge binding, and that the clamor of hot partisans on the other side was forcing upon popular candidates a pledge in the contrary sense, the principal, with many who agreed with him, felt that the time of peace was over, and that it was essential to speak out, even at the cost of many cherished traditions, and to show that no tie of party could be so strong as that which bound him to his Church. To withdraw his name as one of the vice-presidents of the Liberal Association was no doubt a step which cost him much. He was thus publicly severing himself from a party which he had supported all his life, and to which at least all the tendencies of his earlier years were more allied than to any other. Such a breach of consistency, if no more, is to a sensitive mind a very painful necessity. He did not hesitate, however, to make this practical protest against the course which events seemed about to take — a step which quickly followed the trumpet blast which he had blown in the Assembly. The course of public affairs has postponed, if not set aside altogether, the contest which he foresaw; and other prospects are dawning, the issue of which it is impossible to predict. There is only one thing to be sure of, and that is, that Principal Tulloch's silenced voice will be an unspeakable loss to the Church, however things may turn out.

In September, 1885, when the St. Andrews season was at its height, some of

his friends were struck painfully with the alteration in the principal's looks, which did not, however, seem to be justified by any feebleness of health. A sort of blanched appearance, a dryness of the mouth, and something of the depressed expostulatory air and lengthened lines of the countenance, which had been symptoms of coming trouble on former occasions, seemed to give now again a note of warning; but there was nothing in himself to justify this fear. Although ailing by times, he was perfectly cheerful, enjoying his leisure, talking now and then of the great work which he had been turning over in his mind—a history of Scotland from the period at which Burton's history leaves off—for which he had made a number of notes and plans. He looked forward with pleasure to this great undertaking as a worthy conclusion to the labors of his life; and some thoughts of resigning his active teaching duties as professor, and retaining only the office of principal, with which and his necessary occupations as vice-chancellor of the University, there was still plenty to do to form a solid background for his literary work—floated though his mind, especially after the lamented death of Principal Shairp, which raised many speculations as to the desirableness of uniting the offices of both principals in one. Had that been so, of what a mellow evening-tide, what a fruitful tranquillity the old St. Mary's might still have been the home—how many wise counsels for the Church, what a tower of strength amid the contentions of the time! He had never desired to leave the place so entirely identified with his life. Public duty might have made him accept the principalship of Edinburgh University had it been offered to him, but he had never offered himself as a candidate for that or any other promotion. His ancient university, his Alma Mater, the sphere which was part of himself, was always dearest to him. And in that simple dignity he was glad to live and die.

He had been ailing before he began the labors of the last session. He was sent to Harrogate in the beginning of winter, and there began to awake to the possibility that it was distinct physical disease and not the mysterious jar of nervous malady that was threatening him. When he returned from that treatment, which had apparently done him some little good, he resumed his classes, but soon was obliged again to give them over, and removed under medical orders to the hydro-

pathic establishment at Craiglockhart, in order to be near his doctor, and to try what change might do. His strength by this time was considerably affected, and his eyes had strangely failed him—an effect which it was said was merely symptomatic, and nothing in itself of any consequence. In this place, with his anxious wife, he spent a melancholy Christmas; and afterwards, accompanied by his daughter—Mrs. Tulloch's delicate health being unequal to the journey—went to London, there to take advantage of the most skillful advice to be had,—that of Sir Andrew Clark and Dr. Crichton Browne,—with the intention of proceeding further south to Torquay, where he had recovered on a previous occasion, should that be considered necessary. Considerably depressed and cast down, with dim eyes and much latent suffering, he submitted himself to the examination of the physicians, who saw but did not say that hope there was none, and who, instead of permitting him to go home to die, sent him, on some infinitesimal hope that the warmth of Torquay and the sunshine—if there was any sunshine, and if it proved warm—might do him temporary good, among strangers. That he should have been thus removed from his natural surroundings, separated for the last month of his life from the constant nurse, companion, and, if one may use the word, guardian of his strength, and sent to die in a strange place, is a matter of profound regret; as surely it is an expedient which medical men should be very slow to employ. His daughter who accompanied him, with a misery and anxiety daily increasing, saw the fatal signs of failing strength and lessening possibility, but was silenced by the optimism of the physicians, who still hoped or professed to hope; until at last, in a kind of despair, she summoned help, and Mrs. Tulloch was finally sent for. Before she arrived he had fallen into a half-conscious state, taking little or no notice of anything that passed around, waking up with a faint smile and interest, it was noted, when something was said to him about the queen, for whom he had always felt an affectionate devotion—but, except that gleam of feeling, knowing nothing save that one was absent who had never before been absent from him when he wanted her succor. He kept saying her name again and again through the long hours, till, after a terrible lengthened journey, in the dark of the winter morning, she reached his bedside at last. Then a kind of calm came to the disturbed and

confused condition of the sufferer; and whether it was her healing and soothing presence, or some other cause, a faint ray of possible improvement made itself apparent for a day or two. He knew his wife, and with touching signs of satisfaction welcomed her arrival; but whether he knew the other anxious faces round his bed, the sons and daughters who had hurried to his side from their different homes, no one of these distracted watchers was able certainly to say. After a few days the faint light of hope faded again, and the laboring strength gave way. He died on the 13th of February, with all the elder members of his family round him, after a painful but unconscious passage into that mystery and darkness.

It is needless to add, what every one knows, that the sudden and startling news brought but one sensation to Scotland, that of loss and profound unspeakable regret. "From the queen on the throne to the lads on the links," said his friend and neighbor, no one was unaffected by that terrible intelligence. St. Andrews, amid the snows and harshness of the blighting weather, received with universal mourning, like an old mother gathering her son to her bosom, the remains of her principal in his solemn coming home. His daughters had taken the much-enduring and patient woman, who was the chief mourner of all, to the home of one of them, near royal Windsor, where the sovereign lady, who, more than most, could understand and enter into that bereavement, had already given the tribute of her tears, recording sadly the loss of another friend, added to the many who have fallen away from her in her royal solitude. When the queen heard of the arrival of this sorrowful group, putting all ceremony aside, and with a tender sympathy which made her greatness more akin to the greatness of woe, that other sovereign, than the humblest visitor might have been, she hastened to take the hand and comfort the heart of the mourner—comfort which came in that sweetest human kind, next best after the divine, in the form of praise and blessing to him who had departed.

We are permitted to add the letters to the principal's son and wife by which her Majesty preceded her visit:—

THE QUEEN TO REV. W. W. TULLOCH.

"OSSORNE, Feb. 14, 1886.

"I am stunned by this dreadful news; your dear, excellent, distinguished father also taken away from us, and from dear Scotland, whose Church he so nobly de-

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fended. I have again lost a dear and honored friend, and my heart sinks within me when I think I shall not again on earth look on that noble presence, that kindly face, and listen to those words of wisdom and Christian large-heartedness which used to do me so much good. But I should not speak of myself when you, his children, and your dear mother, and our beloved Scotland, lose so much. Still I may be, I hope, forgiven, if I do appear egotistical, for I have lost so many, and when I feel so ALONE.

"Your dear father was so kind, so wise, and it was such a pleasure to see him at dear Balmoral! *No more! Never again!* These dreadful words I so often have had to repeat make my heart turn sick. God's will be done! Your dear father is at rest, and his bright spirit free!

"We must not grieve for him. When I saw you at Balmoral you seemed anxious about him, and I heard the other day he could not write. Pray convey the expression of my deepest sympathy to your dear mother, whose health, I know, is not strong, and to all your family. I mourn with you.

"Princess Beatrice is deeply grieved, and wishes me to express her true sympathy with you all. I shall be most anxious for details of this terrible event. Ever yours truly and sorrowingly.

"VICTORIA R. & I.

"The Rev. W. TULLOCH."

THE QUEEN TO MRS. TULLOCH.

"WINDSOR CASTLE, Feb. 17, 1886.

"DEAR MRS. TULLOCH,—You must allow one who respected, admired, and loved your dear distinguished husband to write to you, though personally unacquainted with you, and to *try* to say what I feel.

"My heart bleeds for you—the dear worthy companion of that noble excellent man, so highly gifted, and large-hearted, and so brave! whose life is crushed by the greatest loss which can befall a woman.

"To me the loss of such a friend, whom I so greatly respected and trusted, is *very great*; and I cannot bear to think I shall not again see him, and admire that handsome kindly face and noble presence, and listen to his wise words, which breathe such a lofty Christian spirit. I am most anxious to visit you, and trust that you will allow me to do so quite quietly and privately, as one who knew your dear husband so well, and has gone through much sorrow, and knows what you feel and what you suffer.

"Pray express my true sympathy to all your children, who have lost such a father.

"My thoughts will be especially with you to-morrow,* and I pray that God may be with you to help and sustain you. Believe me always yours most sincerely,

"VICTORIA R. & I."

These touching expressions of a fellow-feeling so tender, simple, and sincere, are of the kind that have given her Majesty the empire she so justly holds in the hearts of her people.

Other voices have been raised on all sides to repeat and echo the same universal lamentation. In almost every pulpit in Scotland, in his own Church at least, the thought of this loss, so great, so irreparable, so unexpected, and of all he has been to his generation, has been the leading thought. Not many men impress their image so deeply upon the mind of a people. Dr. Chalmers, Norman Macleod, Principal Tulloch, have all produced the same profound effect. Where is there another to touch in the same way the national mind, imagination, and affections?

More sacred and more silent in the hearts of his friends is the void, where his name must now stand symbol for all that was friendly, brotherly, fatherly, magnanimous, and true.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

* The day of the funeral.

From Good Words.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK II. — THE THORNY WAY.

CHAPTER I.

MILlicent Hallam's Home.

"How dare you! Be off! Go to your mistress. Don't pester me, woman."

"Didn't know it were pestering you, sir, to ask for my rights. Two years doo, and it's time it was paid."

"Ask your mistress, I tell you. Here, Julia."

A dark-haired, thoughtful-looking child of about six years old loosened her grasp of Thisbe Bing's dress, and crossed the room slowly towards where Robert Hallam sat, newspaper in hand, by his half-finished breakfast.

"Here, Julia!" was uttered with no

unkindly intent; but the call was like a command — an imperious command, such as would be given to a dog.

The child was nearly close to him when he gave the paper a sharp rustle, and she sprang back.

"Bah!" he exclaimed laughing unpleasantly, "what a silly little girl you are! Did you think I was going to strike you?"

"N — no, papa," said the child nervously.

"Then why did you flinch away? Are you afraid of me?"

The child looked at him intently for a few moments, and then said softly, —

"I don't know."

"Here, Thisbe," said Hallam, frowning, "I'll see to that. You can go now. Leave Miss Julia here."

"Mayn't I go with Thisbe, papa?" said the child eagerly.

"No; stay with me. I want to talk to you. Come here."

The child's countenance fell, and she sidled towards Hallam, looking wistfully the while at Thisbe, who left the room reluctantly and closed the door.

As soon as they were alone Hallam threw down the paper and drew the child upon his knee, stroking her beautiful long dark hair, and held his face towards her.

"Well," he said sharply, "haven't you a kiss for papa?"

The child kissed him on both cheeks quickly, and then sat still and watched him.

"That's better," he said, smiling. "Little girls always get rewards when they are good. Now I shall buy you a new doll for that."

The child's eyes brightened.

"Have you got plenty of money, papa?" she said quickly.

"Well, I don't know about plenty," he said with a curious laugh, as he glanced round the handsomely furnished room, "but enough for that."

"Will you give me some?"

"Money is not good for little girls," said Hallam smiling.

"But I'm not little now," said the child quietly. "Mamma says I'm quite a companion to her, and she doesn't know what she would do without me."

"Indeed!" said Hallam sarcastically. "Well, suppose I give you some money, what shall you buy — a doll?"

She shook her head. "I've got five dolls now," she said, counting on her little pink fingers, "mamma, papa, Thisbe, and me, and Mr. Bayle."

Hallam ground out an ejaculation, making the child start from him in alarm.

"Sit still, little one," he said hastily. "Why, what's the matter? Here, what would you do with the money?"

"Give it to mamma to pay Thisbe. Mamma was crying about wanting some money yesterday for grandmamma."

"Did your grandmother come and ask mamma for money yesterday?"

"Yes; she said grandpapa was so ill and worried that she did not know what to do."

Hallam rose quickly from his seat, setting down the child, and began walking up and down the room, while the girl, after watching him for a few moments in silence, began to edge her way slowly towards the door, as if to escape from the room.

She had nearly reached it when Hallam noticed her, and, catching her by the wrist, led her back to his chair, and resealed himself.

"Look here, Julia," he said sharply, "I will not have you behave like this. Does your mother teach you to keep away from me because I seem so cross?" he added with a laugh that was not pleasant.

"No," said the child, shaking her head; "she said I was to be very fond of you, because you were my dear papa."

"Well, and are you?"

"Yes," said the child, nodding, "I think so;" and she looked wistfully in his face.

"That's right; and now be a good girl, and you shall have a pony to ride, and everything you like to ask for."

"And some money to give to poor mamma?"

"Silence!" cried Hallam harshly, and the child shrank away, and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't do that!" cried Hallam. "Take down your hands. What have you to cry for now?"

The child dropped her hands in a frightened manner, and looked at him with her large, dark eyes, that seemed to be watching for a blow, her face twitching slightly, but there were no tears.

"Any one would think I was a regular brute to the child," he muttered, scowling at her involuntarily, and then sitting very thoughtful and quiet, holding her on his knee, while he thrust back the breakfast things, and tapped the table. At last, turning to her with a smile, "Have a cup of coffee, Julie," he said.

She shook her head. "I had my breakfast with mamma ever so long since."

He frowned again, looking uneasily at

the child, and resuming the tapping upon the table with his thin white fingers.

The window looking out on to the market-place was before them, quiet, sunny, and with only two people visible, Mrs. Pinet, watering her row of flowers with a jug, and the half of old Gemp, as he leaned out of his doorway, and looked in turn up the street and down.

All at once a firm, quick step was heard, and the child leaped from her father's knee.

"Here's Mr. Bayle! Here's Mr. Bayle!" she cried, clapping her hands, and, bounding to the window, she sprang upon a chair, to press her face sideways to the pane, to watch for him who came, and then to begin tapping on the glass, and kissing her hands as Christie Bayle, a firm, broad-shouldered man, nodded and smiled, and went by.

Julia leaped from the chair to run out of the room, leaving Robert Hallam clutching the arms of his chair, with his brow wrinkled, and an angry frown upon his countenance, as he ground his teeth together, and listened to the opening of the front door, and the mingling of the curate's frank, deep voice with the silvery prattle of his child.

"Ha, little one!" And then there was the sound of kisses, as Hallam heard the rustle of what seemed, through the closed door, to be Christie Bayle taking the child by the waist and lifting her up to throw her arms about his neck.

"You're late!" she cried; and the very tone of her voice seemed changed, as she spoke eagerly.

"No, no, five minutes early; and I must go up the town first now."

"Oh!" cried the child.

"I shall not be long. How is mamma?"

"Mamma isn't well," said the child.

"She has been crying so!"

"Hush! hush! my darling!" said Bayle softly. "You should not whisper secrets."

"Is that a secret, Mr. Bayle?"

"Yes; mamma's secret, and my Julia must be mamma's well-trusted little girl."

"Please, Mr. Bayle, I'm so sorry, and I won't do so any more. Are you cross with me?"

"My darling!" he cried passionately, "as if any one could be cross with you! There, get your books ready, and I'll soon be back."

"No, no, not this morning, Mr. Bayle; not books. Take me for a walk, and teach me about the flowers."

"After lessons, then. There, run away."

Hallam rose from his chair, with his lips drawn slightly from his teeth, as he heard Bayle's retiring steps. Then the front door was banged loudly; he heard his child clap her hands, and then the quick fall of her feet as she skipped across the hall, and bounded up the stairs.

He took a few strides up and down the room, but stopped short as the door opened again, and, handsomer than ever, but with a graver, more womanly beauty, heightened by a pensive, troubled look in her eyes and about the corners of her mouth, Millicent Hallam glided in.

Her face lit up with a smile as she crossed to Hallam, and laid her white hand upon his arm.

"Don't think me unkind for going away, dear," she said softly. "Have you quite done?"

"Yes," he said shortly. "There, don't stop me; I'm late."

"Are you going to the bank, dear?"

"Of course I am. Where do you suppose I'm going?"

"I only thought, dear, that ——"

"Then don't *only think* for the sake of saying foolish things."

She laid her other hand upon his arm, and smiled in his face.

"Don't let these money matters trouble you so, Robert," she said. "What does it matter whether we are rich or poor?"

"Oh, not in the least!" he cried sarcastically. "You don't want any money, of course?"

"I do, dear, terribly," she said sadly. "I have been asked a great deal lately for payments of bills; and if you could let me have some this morning ——"

"Then I cannot; it's impossible. There, wait a few days and the crisis will be over, and you can clear off."

"And you will not speculate again, dear?" she said eagerly.

"Oh, no, of course not!" he rejoined, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"We should be so much happier, dear, on your salary. I would make it plenty for us; and then, Robert, you would be so much more at peace."

"How can I be at peace," he cried savagely, "when, just as I am harassed with monetary cares — which you cannot understand — I find my home, instead of a place of rest, a place of torment?"

"Robert!" she said, in a tone of tender reproach.

"People here I don't want to see; servants pestering me for money, when I have given you ample for our household expenses; and my own child set against

me, ready to shrink from me, and look upon me as some domestic ogre!"

"Robert, dear, pray do not talk like this."

"I am driven to it!" he cried fiercely. "The child detests me!"

"Oh, no, no, no," she whispered, placing her arm round his neck.

"And rushes to that fellow Bayle, as if she had been taught to look upon him as everybody."

"Nay, nay!" she said softly; and there was a tender smile upon her lip, a look of loving pity in her eye. "Julie likes Mr. Bayle, for he pets her, and plays with her as if he were her companion."

"And I am shunned."

"Oh, no, dear, you frighten poor Julie sometimes when you are in one of your stern, thoughtful moods."

"My stern, thoughtful moods. Pshaw!"

"Yes," she said tenderly; "your stern, thoughtful moods. The child cannot understand them as I do, dear husband. She thinks of sunshine and play. How can she read the depth of the father's love — of the man who is so foolishly ambitious to win fortune for his child? Robert, husband, my own, would it not be better to set all these strivings for wealth aside, and go back to the simple, peaceful days again?"

"You do not understand these things," he said harshly. "There; let me go. I ought to have been at the bank an hour ago, but I could not get a wink of sleep all the early part of the night."

"I know, dear. It was three o'clock when you went to sleep."

"How did you know?"

"The clock struck when you dropped off, dear. I did not speak for fear of waking you."

She did not add that she, too, had been kept awake about money matters, and wondering whether her husband would consent to live in a more simple style in a smaller house.

"There, good-bye," he said, kissing her. "It is all coming right. Don't talk to your father or mother about my affairs."

"Of course I should not, love," she replied; "such things are sacred."

"Yes; of course," he said hastily. "There, don't take any notice of what I have said. I am worried — very much worried just now, but all will come right soon."

He kissed her hastily and hurried away, leaving Millicent standing thoughtful and troubled till she heard another step on the rough stones, when a calm expression

seemed to come over her troubled face, but only to be chased away by one more anxious as the step halted at the door and the bell rang.

Meanwhile, Julia had run up-stairs to her own room, where, facing the door, five very battered dolls sat in a row upon the drawers, at which she dashed full of childish excitement, and as if to continue some interrupted game.

She stopped short, looked round, and then gave her little foot a stamp.

"How tiresome!" she cried pettishly. "It's that nasty, tiresome, disagreeable old Thibs. I hate her, that I do, and —"

"Oh, you hate me, do you?" cried the object of her anger, appearing in the doorway. "Very well, it don't matter. I don't mind. You don't care for anybody now but Mr. Bayle."

The child rushed across the room to leap up and fling her arms round Thisbe's neck, as that oddity stood there quite unchanged; the same obstinate, hard woman who had opposed Mrs. Luttrell seven years before.

"Don't, don't, don't say such things, Thibs," cried the child, all eagerness and excitement now, the very opposite of the timid, shrinking girl in the breakfast-room a short time before; and as she spoke she covered the hard face before her with kisses. "You know, you dear, darling old Thibs, I love you. Oh, I do love you so very, very much."

"I know it's all shim-sham and peashucks," said Thisbe grimly; but, without moving her face, rather bending down to meet the kisses.

"No, you don't think anything of the kind, Thibs, and I won't have you looking cross at me like papa."

"It's all sham, I tell you," said Thisbe again. "You never love me only when you want anything."

"Oh, Thibs!" cried the girl, with the tears gathering in her eyes, "how can you say that?"

"Because I'm a nasty, hard, cankerous, ugly, disagreeable old woman," said Thisbe, clasping the child to her breast; "and it isn't true, and you're my own precious sweet, that you are."

"And you took away my box out of the room, when I had to go down to papa."

"But you can't have a nasty, great dirty candle-box in your bedroom, my dear."

"But I want it for a doll's house, and I'm going to line it with paper, and — do, Thibs, do, do let me have it, please?"

"Oh, very well, I shall have to be getting the moon for you next. I never see such a spoiled child."

"Make haste then, before Mr. Bayle comes, to go on with my lessons. Quick! quick! where is it?"

"In the lumber-room, of course; where do you suppose it is?"

Thisbe led the way along a broad passage and up three or four stairs to an old oak door, which creaked mournfully on its hinges as it was thrown back, showing a long, sloping ceiled room, half filled with packing-cases and old fixtures that had been taken down when Hallam hired the house, and had it somewhat modernized for their use.

It was a roomy place with a large fireplace that had apparently been partially built up to allow of a small grate being set, while walls and ceiling were covered with a small-patterned paper, a few odd rolls and pieces of which lay in a corner.

"I see it," cried Julia excitedly.

"No, no, no; let me get it," cried Thisbe. "Bless the bairn! why she's like a young goat. There, now just see what you've done!"

The child had darted at the hinged deal box, stood up on one end against the wall in the angle made by the great projecting fireplace, and in dragging it away had torn down a large piece of the wall paper.

"Oh, I couldn't help it, Thibs," cried the child, panting. "I am so sorry."

"So sorry, indeed!" cried Thisbe; "so sorry, indeed, won't mend walls. Why, how wet it is!" she continued, kneeling down and smoothing out the paper, and dabbing it back against the end of the great fireplace from which it had been torn. "There's one of them old gutters got stopped up and the rain soaks in through the roof, and wets this wall; it ought to be seen to at once."

All this while making a ball of her apron, Thisbe, who was the perfection of neatness, had been putting back the torn-down corner of paper, moistening it here and there, and ending by making it stick so closely that the tear was only visible on a close inspection. This done she rose and carried the box out, and into the child's bedroom, when before the slightest advance had been made towards turning it into a doll's house, there was the ring at the door, and Thisbe descended to admit the curate to whom Julia came bounding down.

CHAPTER II.

MISS HEATHERY'S OFFERING.

NATURE, or rather the adaptation from nature which we call civilization, deals very hardly with unmarried ladies of twenty-five for the next ten or a dozen years. Then it seems to give them up, and we have then arrived at what is politely known as the uncertain age. Very uncertain it is, for, from thirty-five to forty-five some ladies seem to stand still.

Miss Heathery was one of these, and the mid-life stage seemed to have made her evergreen, for seven years' lapse found her much the same, scarcely in any manner changed.

Poor Miss Heathery! For twenty years she had been longing with all the intensity of a true woman to become somebody's squaw. Her heart was an urn full of sweetness. Perhaps it was of rather a sickly cloying kind that many men would have turned from with disgust, but it was sweetness all the same, and for these long, long years she had been waiting to pour this honey of her nature like a blessing upon some one's head, while only one man had been ready to say, "Pour on," and held his head ready.

That one would-be suitor was old Gemp, and when he said it, poor Miss Heathery recoiled, clasping her hands tightly upon the mouth of the urn and closing it. She could not pour it there, and the love of Gemp had turned into a bitter hate.

If the curate in his disappointment would only have turned to her, she sighed to herself!

"Ah!"

And she went on thinking and working. What comforting fleecy undergarments she could have woven for him! What ornamental braces he should have worn; and, in the sanguine hopes of that swelling urn of sweets, she designed — she never began them — a set of slippers, a set of seven, all beautifully worked in wool and silks, and lined with velvet. Sunday: white with a gold sun; Monday: dominating with a pale lambent golden green, for it was moon's day; Tuesday puzzled her, for it took her into the Scandinavian mythology, and there she was lost hopelessly for a time, but she waded out with an idea that Tuisco was Mars, so the slippers should be red. The Wednesday slippers brought in Mercury, so they were silvery. Thursday was another puzzle till the happy idea came of covering Thor's hammer, which would

give the slippers quite a college look, black hammers on a red ground. Friday — Frèga, Venus — she would work a beauteous woman with golden hair on each. She felt rather doubtful about the woman's face; but love would find out the way. Then there was Saturday.

Just as she reached Saturday, she remembered having once heard that Sir Gordon had a set of razors for every day in the week, and the design halted.

Ah! if Sir Gordon would only have looked at her with that sad melancholy air of tenderness, how happy she could have been! How she would have prompted him to keep on that fight of his against time! But he never smiled upon her; and though she paid in all her little sums of money at the bank herself, and changed all her cheques, Mr. James Thickens — as he was always called, to distinguish him from a Mr. Thickens of whom some one had once heard somewhere — made no step in advance. The bank counter was always between them, and it was very broad.

What could she do more to show her affection? she asked herself. She had petitioned him to give her "a teeny weeny gold fish, and a teeny weeny silver fish," and he had responded at once; but he was close in his ways: he was not generous. He did not purchase a glass globe of iridescent tints and goodyly form; he borrowed a small milk-tin at the dairy and sent them in that, with his compliments.

But there were the fish, and she purchased a beautiful globe herself, placed three Venus's ear shells in the bottom, filled it with clear water from the river carefully strained through three thicknesses of flannel, and there the fish lived till they died.

Why they died so soon may have been from over-petting and too much food. For Miss Heathery secretly named the gold fish James, and the silver fish Letitia, her own name, and she was never so happy as when feeding James and coaxing him to kiss the tips of her thin little fingers.

Perhaps it was from over-feeding, perhaps from too much salt, for as Miss Heathery after long waiting had to content herself with the chaste salutes of the gold fish, dissolved pearls distilled from her sad eyes, and fell in the water like sporadic drops of rain.

Miss Heathery's spirit was low, and yet it kept leaping up strangely, for she had been at the bank one morning to change a cheque, and with the full inten-

tion of asking Mr. James Thickens to present her with a couple more fish from the store of which she had heard so much, but which she had never seen.

That morning, as she noted how broad the pathway had grown from the forehead upwards, and had seen when he turned his back that it had expanded into a circular walk round a bed of grizzle in the back of his crown, and was then continued to the nape, Mr. James Thickens seemed to be extremely hard and cold. He looked certainly older too than he used; of that she was sure.

He seemed so extremely abrupt and impatient with her when she wished him a sweet and pensive good-morning, which was as near a blessing upon his getting-bald head as the words would allow.

She said afterwards that it was a fine morning, a very fine morning, a fact that he did not deny, neither did he acknowledge, and so abstracted and strange did he seem, that the gold fish slipped out of her mind, and for a few moments she was agitated. She recovered though, and laying down a little bunch of violets beside her reticule, she went through her regular routine, received her change, and with a strange feeling of exultation at the artfulness of her procedure, she had reached the door after a most impressive good-morning, for Miss Heathery always kept up the fiction of dining late, though she partook of her main meal at half past one.

She had reached the door, when James Thickens spoke, his voice, the voice of her forlorn hope, thrilling her to the core. It was not a thrilling word, though it had that effect upon her, for it was only a summons — an arrest, a check to her outward progress.

"Hi!"

That was all. "Hi!" but it did thrill her; and she stopped short with bounding pulses. It was abrupt, but still what of that! Gentlemen were not ladies; and if in their masterful, commanding way, they began their courtship by showing that they were the lords of women, why should she complain? He had only to order her to be his wife, and she was ready to become more — his very submissive slave.

She stopped, and, after a moment's hesitation, turned at that "Hi!" so full of hope to her thirsty soul. Her eyes were humid with pleasurable sensations, and but for that broad mahogany counter, she would have thrown herself at his feet. At that moment she was upon the dazzling pinnacle of joy; the next she was mentally sobbing despairingly in the vale

of sorrow and despair into which she had fallen, for James Thickens said coldly, —

"Here, you've left something behind."

Her violets! Her sweet offering that she had laid upon the altar behind which her idol always stood. That bunch was gathered by her own fingers, tied up with her own hands, incensed with kisses, made dewy with tears. It was the result of loving and painful thought followed by an inventive flash. It meant an easy confession of her love, and after laying it upon the mahogany altar, her sanguine imagination painted James Thickens lifting it, kissing it, holding it to his breast, searching among the leaves for the note which was not there; and lastly, wearing it home in his button-hole, placing it in water for a time, and then keeping it dried yet fragrant in a book of poetry, the present of his love.

All that and more she had thought; and now James Thickens had called out, "Hi! Here, you've left something behind."

She crept back to the counter, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Thickens," in a piteous voice, her eyes beneath her veil too much blinded by the gathering tears to see Mr. Trampleasure passing through the bank, though she heard his words, "Good-day, Miss Heathery," and bowed.

It was all over; James Thickens was not a man, he was a rhinoceros with an impenetrable hide; and, taking up her bunch of flowers, she was about to leave the bank when Thickens spoke again.

"Look here," he said, "I want to talk to you. Can't you ask me to tea?"

The place seemed to spin round, and the mahogany counter to heave and fall like a wave, as she tried to speak but could not for a few moments. Then she mastered her emotion, and in a hurried, trembling, half-hysterical voice, she chirped out, —

"Yes; this evening, Mr. Thickens, at six."

CHAPTER III.

JAMES THICKENS TAKES TEA.

"RUM little woman," said Thickens to himself as he hurried out of the bank. "Wonder whether she'd like another couple of fish."

Some men would have gone home to smarten up before visiting a lady to take tea, but James Thickens was not of that kind. His idea of smartness was always to look like a clean, dry, drab leaf, and he was invariably, whenever seen, at that point of perfection.

Punctually at six o'clock he rapped boldly at Miss Heathery's door, turning round to stare hard at Gemp, who came out eagerly to look and learn, before going in to have a fit—of temper, and then moving round to stare at Mrs. Pinet's putty nose, rather a large one when flattened against the pane as she strained to get a glimpse of such an unusual proceeding.

Several other neighbors had a look, and then the green door was opened. The visitor passed in and was ushered into the neat little parlor where the tea was spread, and Miss Heathery welcomed him, trembling with gentle emotion, and admiring the firmness, under such circumstances, of the animal man.

It was a delicious tea. There were Sally Lunn's and toast biliously brimming in butter. Six spoonfuls of the best Bohea and Young Hyson were in the china pot. There was a new cottage loaf and a large pat of butter, with a raised cow grazing on a forest of parsley. There were thin slices of ham, and there were two glass dishes of preserve equal to that of which Mrs. Luttrell was so proud; and then there was a cake from Frampton's at the corner, where they sold the Sally Lunn's.

"I don't often get a tea like this, Miss Heathery," said Thickens, who was busy with his red and yellow bandanna handkerchief spread over his drab lap.

"I hope you are enjoying it," she said sweetly.

"Never enjoyed one more. Another cup, if you please, and I'll take a little more of that ham."

It was not a little that he took, and that qualifying adjective is of no value in describing the toast and Sally Lunn's that he ate solidly and seriously, as if it were his duty to do justice to the meal.

And all the while poor Miss Heathery was only playing with her teacup and saucer. The only food of which she could partake was mental, and as she sat there dispensing her dainties and blushing with pleasure, she kept on thinking in a flutter of delight that all the neighbors would know Mr. Thickens was taking tea with her, and be talking about this wicked, daring escapade on the part of a single lady.

He had not smiled, but he had seemed to be so contented, so happy, and he had asked her whether she worked that framed sampler on the wall, and the black cat with gold-thread eyes, and the embroidered cushion.

He had asked her, too, if she liked

poetry, and how long one of those rice-paper flowers took her to paint. He had admired, too, her poonah painting, and had at last sat back in his chair with one drab leg crossed over the other, and looking delightfully at home.

Still he didn't seem disposed to come to the point, and in the depth and subtlety of her cunning, Miss Heathery thought she would help him by leading the conversation towards matrimony.

"Dr. and Mrs. Luttrell seem to age very much," she said softly.

"Ah! they do," said Thickens, tightening his lips and making a furrow across the lower part of his face. "Yes; trouble, ma'am, trouble."

"But they are a sweet couple, Mr. Thickens."

"Models, madam, models," said the visitor, and he became very thoughtful, and there was a pause, during which Mr. Thickens took some tea and made a noise that sounded like "Soop!"

"Have you seen Sir Gordon lately?" said Miss Heathery at last.

"No, madam. Back soon, though, I hope."

"Ah!" sighed Miss Heathery, "do you think he will ever—ahem! marry now?"

"Never, ma'am," said Thickens emphatically. "Too old."

"Oh, no, Mr. Thickens."

"Oh, yes, Miss Heathery."

There was another pause.

"How beautiful Mrs. Hallam grows! So pale, and sweet, and grave. She looks to me always, Mr. Thickens, like some lovely lily. Dear Millicent, it seems only yesterday that she was married."

Thickens started and moved uneasily, sending a pang that must have had a jealous birth through Miss Heathery's breast.

"Seven years ago, Mr. Thickens."

"Six years, eleven months, two weeks, ma'am."

"Ah, how exact you are, Mr. Thickens."

"Obliged to be, ma'am. Interest to calculate."

"But she looks thin, and not so happy as I could wish."

"Yes, ma'am. No, ma'am," said Thickens paradoxically.

Again there was an uneasy change, for Mr. Thickens's brow was puckered, and a couple of ridgy wrinkles ran across the top of his head.

"And they make such a handsome pair."

Thickens nodded and frowned, but became placid the next moment as his hostess said softly, —

"That sweet child!"

"Hah! Yes! Bless her! — Hah! Yes! Bless her! — Hah! Yes! Bless her!"

Miss Heathery stared, for her guest fired these ejaculations and benedictions at intervals in a quick, eager way, smiling the while, and with his eyes brightening.

She stared more the next minute, and trembled as she heard her visitor's next utterance, and thought of a visit of his seven years ago when she was out, and which he had explained by saying that he had come to ask her if she would like a pair of gold fish, that was all.

For all at once Mr. Thickens exclaimed, with his eyes glittering, —

"If I had married I should have liked to have a little girl like that."

There was a terrible pause here, terrible to only one though; and then, in a hesitating voice, Miss Heathery went on, with that word "marriage" buzzing in her ears, and making her feel giddy.

"Do you — do you think it's true, Mr. Thickens?"

"What, that I never married?" he said sharply.

"No, no; oh, dear me, no!" cried Miss Heathery; "I mean that poor Mrs. Hallam is terribly troubled about money matters, and that they are very much in debt?"

"Don't know, ma'am; can't say, ma'am; not my business, ma'am."

"But they say the doctor is terribly pinched for money too."

"Very likely, ma'am. Every one is sometimes."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Heathery.

"Very, ma'am. No; nothing more, thank you. Get these things taken away, I want to talk to you."

As the repast was cleared away, Miss Heathery felt that it was coming now, and as she grew more flushed, her head with its curls and great tortoise-shell comb trembled like a flower on its stalk. She got out her work, growing more and more agitated, but noticing that Thickens grew more cold and self-possessed.

"The way of a great man," she thought to herself as she felt that she had led up to what was coming, and that she had never before been so wicked and daring in the whole course of her life.

"It was the violets," she said to herself; and then she started, trembled more than ever, and felt quite faint, for James Thickens drew his chair a little nearer, spread his handkerchief carefully across his drab legs, and said suddenly, —

"Now then, let's to business."

Business? Well yes, it was the great business of life, thought Miss Heathery, as she held her hands to her heart, ready to pour out the long pent-up sweetness with which it was charged.

"Look here, Miss Heathery," he went on, "I always liked you."

"Oh! Mr. Thickens," she sighed; but she could not "look here" at the visitor, who was playing dumb tunes upon the red and lavender check table cover, as if it were a harpsichord.

"I've always thought you were an extremely good little woman."

"At last," said Miss Heathery to herself.

"You've got a nice little bit of money in our bank, and also the deeds of this house."

"Don't — don't talk about money, Mr. Thickens, please."

"Must," he said abruptly. "I'm a money man. Now look here, you live on your little income we have in the bank."

"Yes, Mr. Thickens," sighed the lady.

"Ah! yes, of course. Then look here. Dinham's two houses are for sale next week."

"Yes; I saw the bill," she sighed.

"Let me buy them for you."

"Buy them? They would cost too much, Mr. Thickens."

"Not they. You've got nearly enough, and the rest could stay on. They always let; dare say you could keep on the present tenants."

"But —"

That "but" meant that she would not have those excuses for going to the bank.

"You'll get good interest for your money then, ma'am, and you get little now."

"But, Mr. Thickens —"

"I wish you to do it, ma'am, and I hope that you will."

"Oh! if you wish it, Mr. Thickens, of course I will," she said eagerly.

"That's right; I do wish it. May I buy them for you?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Thickens."

"All right, ma'am, then I will. Now I must get home and feed my fishes. Good-evening."

He caught up his hat, shook hands, and was gone before his hostess had recovered from her surprise and chagrin.

"But never mind," she said, rubbing her hands and making two rings click.

The contact of those two rings made her gaze down and then take and fondle one particular finger, while, in spite of

the abruptness of her visitor, she gazed down dreamily at that finger, and sighed as she sank into a reverie full of golden dreams.

"So odd and peculiar," she sighed; "but so different from any one else I ever knew; and ah me! how shocking it all is, so many people must have seen him come."

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SOCIETY IN PARIS.

IN that excellent volume entitled "Society in London, by a Foreign Resident," the author says that London alone of modern capitals possesses a regular system of society, and a social citadel around which rally those who are interested or wish to affect an interest in supporting it. "Society," he adds, "is conscious of an identity of interest which compacts, with the force of cement, its members into a single corporation." This corporation of London society is elsewhere defined by the same writer as "the social area of which the Prince of Wales is personally cognizant, within the limits of which he visits, and every member of which is to some extent in touch with the ideas and wishes of his Royal Highness. But for this central authority society in London would be in imminent danger of falling into the same chaos and collapse as the universe itself, were one of the great laws of nature to be suspended for five minutes." Society in Paris is precisely in this state of chaos and collapse; there is no leader, censor, or central authority; the social citadel has long ago been stormed and razed to the ground, and on its ruins strange coteries and conglomerations have established themselves with manners and usages unknown to preceding generations. There is no longer any real Parisian society. There are still some rare houses where the exotic element is carefully excluded, and where the fifteen or twenty faithful guests know each other sufficiently to be able to talk together freely without treading on each other's corns. But these houses, the last refuges of the traditions of old-fashioned *bonne compagnie*, are neither numerous nor amusing. There is the society of the duchesses who are the victims of the *ennui* and emptiness of existence, *détraquées*, *déséquilibrées*, often women of foreign origin whose transplantation into Parisian soil has resulted in morbid growths and a

taste for strange distractions. Such are those noble dames whose cerebral corruption prompts them to furtive visits to the low *cafés* of La Villette. Such are six other noble dames, who used to amuse themselves last summer by chasing a pig with a soaped tail around the empty basin of a fountain. M. Octave Feuillet in his last novel has made a discreet reference to the corruption of some of the young ladies of the aristocracy whose conversation, he tells us, "would make a monkey blush." There is a Bonapartist society; an official society, where the women dress too loudly, talk too loudly, and applaud too loudly; a *société tapaguese*, which is the reverse of discreet, amiable, or distinguished; several exotic societies, which enjoy the patronage of a few French counts and marquises, whom circumstances have reduced to the profession of *pique-assiettes*; there is a major and minor Jewry, and, finally, there is an immense Tout-Paris, which is gradually absorbing all the other sections of the modern equivalent of society in Paris.

Let us pass rapidly in review these various sections. First of all we will take the old Catholic aristocracy, the society of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, whose history, ever since it acquired the name, has been one of continuous decadence. When the noble *émigrés* returned to Paris during the first empire, and received their local appellation in order to distinguish them from the upstart social spheres of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré and the Chaussée d'Antin, they lived gaily and happily enough, indulging in sterile epigram at the expense of the new *régime*, and making much ineffectual noise of opposition. Their diminished pride, however, soon allowed them to repair their finances by means of opulent *mésalliances* and lucrative offices. Their existence, until the end of Charles X.'s reign, was simple and amiable; they spent four months of the year in the country and eight months at Paris; during the Carnival they danced; in Lent they went to church, and after Easter they celebrated their marriages. Travelling, the seaside, Pau, Cannes, and Vichy, were unheard-of things in those days. The Revolution of 1830 split the faubourg into two sects, the Orleanists, and the Legitimists; and when, after a period of sulking, the faubourg reopened its salons, their prestige was not what it had been. Furthermore, during Louis Philippe's reign, having no longer the dauphine and the dowagers to guide them, the young women of the noble faubourg

became less correct in their manners. A reaction set in against the old *comme il faut*; English habits, clubs, horse-racing, and other sports became fashionable, and out of these new tastes sprang the *lionne*, who affected to disdain the graces of her ancestors, and sought to astonish by masculine audacity rather than to charm by refined coquetry. Yet another diminution of the prestige of the noble faubourg was the social power which foreigners began to acquire in Paris. In 1848, for instance, the four great Parisian salons, beside that of Madame Récamier, were presided over by three Russians and an Italian, namely, the Princess de Liéven, Madame Swetchine, Madame de Circourt, and the Princess Belgiojoso. When the second empire attempted to restore luxury, and create a court on the model of the old court of Versailles, it was found, as Daniel Stern has observed, that the *grand monde* had become extinct simply for want of grand seigneurs and grand ladies, and so the court of Napoleon III., although it tempted into its precincts many recruits from the degenerate faubourg, became merely a cosmopolitan *demi-monde*, whose language was slang, and whose grand ladies received the name of *cocodettes*. Thanks to these successive breaches made in its walls, the Faubourg Saint-Germain is nowadays the name of a ruin and a *souvenir*. The ancestral homes of the Broglies, the La Rochefoucaulds, and the Chabrilans have been demolished by the strategic pick of Haussmann; the aristocracy no longer remains faithful even to its old quarter, nor has it any longer any particular character or accent of its own. It has no superiority but its titles which the rich *bourgeoisie* does not share; with the exception of a few families, its habits have totally changed, and its exclusiveness has yielded to the assaults of commercial ambition and Israelitish vanity.

At the head of the society of the Faubourg Saint-Germain must be placed the Duke and Duchess de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia. The duke, who represented France at Albert Gate in 1874, is now an active deputy, and president of the Jockey Club. The present duchess, *née* Princess Marie de Ligne, is, by her own birth, and by the birth and wealth of her husband, the greatest lady in France, after the Comtesse de Paris, according to the idea of the monarchists. Admission to her salon amounts to a patent of supreme elegance; her friends are very aristocratic, and her existence grand and dignified in

all its details. The lady whose social brilliancy comes next to that of the Duchess de la Bisaccia is the Princess de Sagan, daughter of the banker Seillière, and therefore by birth a *bourgeoise*. The Princess de Sagan was one of the celebrities of the court of Compiègne and the Tuilleries. History records that she was the first to dye her hair yellow, and to dress herself entirely in red at Deauville. Her sprightly wit attracted in former years the attention of the Prince of Wales, and made slanderous tongues chatter; but Madame de Sagan is accustomed to be talked about, thanks to two vain attempts which she has made to live with her husband. The Princess de Sagan, who has retained the friendship of the Prince of Wales, limits her hospitality under the republic to one grand ball in May, which costs her one hundred thousand francs, and at which the vast majority of the guests are unknown to their hostess. During the rest of the year Madame de Sagan bores herself, in company with the Marquise de Gallifet, *née* Lafitte, also an ex-cocodette of the empire, goes regularly to the Comédie Française and the Opera, sets the fashion in bonnets and dresses, and spends the summer at Deauville at her Villa Persane. Mesdames de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia and de Sagan both entertain travelling royalty. The existence of the Prince de Sagan is entirely independent of that of his wife. He lives at the Circle de la Rue Royale, of which he is president; he is the leading member of the masculine part of Tout-Paris, and the *lanceur* of all kinds of social novelties, including barons of Israel who desire to conquer society. The General Marquis de Gallifet also gyrates independently of his wife in the whirlpool of Parisian life; indeed, it may be remarked, once for all, that amongst the titled celebrities of Paris domestic harmony seems to be an exception. The author of "Society in London" remarks that in London also husbands and wives get a little mixed, and that the dominating idea of this state of fusion is not the cultivation of virtue, but the prevention of scandal. In Paris *Fay ce que voudras* is the motto of society people, even more completely than it is in London, and no particular pains are taken to prevent scandal, it being thoroughly understood that in certain conditions infidelity is excusable in a wife, and that if it were not for the polygamous instincts of the husbands the actresses would be but poorly off for dresses, and the ladies of the *corps de ballet* for dia-

monds. So let it then be understood that in the various sections of Parisian society there is little pretence of virtue, and no anxiety about scandal, inasmuch as there is no recognized social censor, and inasmuch as most varieties of irregular relations can be justified or excused by eminent example. As for the men of the aristocracy, their real or affected opinions exclude most of them from the careers of politics, diplomacy, the Conseil d'Etat, or the Cour des Comptes, and their existence is passed uselessly in sport and gambling, if their tastes do not allow them to remain in the army.

Another great lady of the aristocracy is the Comtesse de la Ferronnays, whose house in the Cours la Reine is the last refuge of the manners and etiquette of the old régime. Madame de la Ferronnays, née Guilbert, is herself of most authentic *roture*; but her husband lived and died in the carpet service of the Comte de Chambord, and so she finds her pleasure in cultivating the usages of Versailles, and observing the traditions of the court of Louis XIV. with a fidelity that knows no obstacle. At her balls she has resuscitated antiquated dances, such as *la pavane*, the *volte de cour*, and the *passepieds d'Isis*, much to the confusion of her guests. The story runs that one night, when the Duke of Madrid came to dine at her house, she ordered her servant to employ the old Louis XIV. formula of announcing dinner: "Les viandes sont apprêtées." The *maître d'hôtel*, confused by the solemnity of the occasion, lost his head at the fatal moment, and proclaimed in stentorian voice: "Madame la Comtesse, les viandes sont avancées," which was far from appetizing. Madame de la Ferronnays is a prominent figure in Orleanist society, which is by far the most select and dignified of all the Parisian social groups. The head of this society is, of course, the Comte de Paris, who, however, spends most of his time at his château at Eu. His brother, the Duke of Chartres, now receives regularly on Saturdays in his hotel in the Rue Jean Goujon, formerly occupied by Prince Demidoff. The other Orleanist princes, the Dukes de Nemours and de Penthièvre and the Prince de Joinville, live in retirement. The Duke d'Aumale has merely a *pied à terre* at Paris, but receives in royal state at Chantilly. The principal figures in Orleanist society are the La Rochefoucauld-Bisaccias, the Aymery de la Rochefoucaulds, the Prince and Princess de Léon, the Duchess de Maillé, the Duchess

de Luynes, the Duke de Fitz-James — the first member of the Berwick family since James II. who has not been a soldier — the D'Haussonvilles, the De Broglies, the Tremoilles, the Béthunes, the D'Harcourts, Madame de Rainneville, the Marquis de Beauvoir and his beautiful wife, née Mina de Lowenthal, the Duchess Decazes, née Brinda de Lowenthal, the Rothschilds, the Pillet-Wills, MM. Camille Doucet and Rousset of the Academy, M. Bocher, and a few deputies and senators. But this Orleanist society is not very numerous, although since the death of the Comte de Chambord it has acquired some adherents from the Legitimist side. As for the rest of the society of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, it leads much the same life as the people of leisure whose descent is less noble. For that matter, it is the new recruits who are often the most strenuous in keeping up the aristocratic traditions, as we have seen in the case of Madame de la Ferronnays. Other instances are not wanting. One of the most inaccessible houses of the Faubourg is that of the Comtesse de Béhague, who was herself the daughter of artisans, while her husband was a *roturier*, who used to write on his cards the strange title, "Eleveur de bestiaux." By force of will and wealth Madame de Béhague has become a countess; by dint of excessive luxury and insensibility to slights she has conquered her place in society; and now that she has strengthened it by marrying her daughter successively to the Comte de Geoffroy and the Marquis d'Aramon, she can have the most exclusive and choice company she desires. The Vicomtesse de Tredern, like Madame de Béhague, has had to struggle for her position. She was a Mademoiselle Say, daughter of the sugar-refiner. Her first husband was the Duke de Brissac, who was killed in the Franco-German war. While she was Duchess de Brissac the noble faubourg would have nothing to do with her; when she married the Vicomte de Tredern, who had more elegance than fortune, the faubourg changed its mind, and Madame de Tredern's sumptuous salons in the Place Vendôme became the most select and magnificent in Paris. The Tredern household broke up violently after two years of apparent peace, but this incident in no way impaired the prestige of the self-willed and blonde vicomtesse, whose elegance and wealth excuse all her actions. The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne is another *bourgeoise*. She was the widow of the stockbroker Leroux; her daughter,

Laure Leroux, is now Duchess de Bauffremont; her sister-in-law, Caroline Leroux, married successively the Duke de Massa and the Baron Roger; and her sons are those two flowers of elegance and Parisianism, the Marquis Philippe de Massa and the Baron Eugène Roger. But it would need pages to enumerate all the alliances of wealth and titles. Madame Tredern's sister is the Princess Amédée de Broglie. The Duchess de Gramont was Mademoiselle Marguerite de Rothschild, and the infant heir to that historic title of Gramont and Guiche is half Israelite. Even such small Jewry as the Ephrussis have succeeded in marrying one of their daughters to a needy but noble Count Persin, and Mademoiselle Louise Goldschmidt has recently become Comtesse de Sartiges.

"There is no phenomenon more noticeable in the society of London than the ascendancy of the Jews," says the *Foreign Resident*. It is equally noticeable in the society of Paris, where the Jews are carrying all before them by their wealth and social perseverance. First and foremost are the Rothschild brothers, the Barons Alphonse, Edmond, and Gustave, who represent the gigantic and cosmopolitan Rothschild pocket in the Rue Laffitte, and buy the dearest pictures and objects of art to be found in the market. The Rothschilds form a noble dynasty by themselves, rank with the old *noblesse* and frequent the most aristocratic houses in the town. Their social position is beyond dispute and above criticism. Besides the three brothers of the Rue Laffitte, who have their private mansions in the vicinity of the Champs Elysées, Paris is honored with the presence of the Baronesses Salomon, James Edward, and Nathaniel de Rothschild, of the Baroness Marguerite, who has abjured her religion and become a duchess, and of the Baron Adolphe, the last representative of the Naples house. The Baron Adolphe is the most Parisian of the whole Rothschild family; his blond beard is conspicuous in all the meeting places of the Tout-Paris. The Baroness Adolphe, like her sister, the Baroness Willy, is a great musician and a most witty and elegant lady. This last mentioned couple dispense grandiose hospitality in their fine house in the Parc Monceau, preside over a select cosmopolitan salon, and entertain the Prince of Wales when he comes to Paris.

The next grade of Jews includes the Foulds and Sterns, whose settlement in Paris dates back to Louis Philippe's time;

the Cahen d'Anvers family, whose fortunes helped those of Napoleon III. at a critical moment; the Koenigewarts, the Bischoffsheims, the Goldschmidts. Then follows a mass of Israelites hailing from Frankfort, Munich, Constantinople, Odessa, and the Levant, financiers, stock-operators, commission merchants, who have arrived for the most part since the Franco-German war, and whose names are Saly-Stern, Kann, Léon Fould, Hirsch, Camondo, Erlanger, Gunzbourg, Ephrussi. These new dynasties have established themselves in Paris in fine dwellings, and within the past six or seven years they have undertaken to win social prestige, and above all to conquer the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Their tactics have been comparatively simple. The first step was for the men to get elected members of a "swell" club, the Cercle des Champs Elysées for instance. This was not difficult; the aristocratic gamblers who frequent the clubs are always glad to get some new and rich *ponté* upon whom to prey. Club life enabled the Israelite, whether he was count or baron or not, to form a circle of titled acquaintances, and amongst these acquaintances it was possible to find some needy aristocrat, a prince even, who would undertake to patronize the parvenu for a handsome and welcome pecuniary consideration. The degenerate faubourg counts several persons of both sexes who are ready to make capital out of their name and influence, and to draw up invitation lists and endorse social missives for those who are obliging enough to calm the impatience of milliners and tailors in a discreet manner. Then again, thanks to their wealth, the new Jewry acquired race-horses, shooting-grounds, and the right of hunting the stag and the wild boar in the forests of the State, and with such bait they tempted the Christians further into the trap, at the same time filling the newspapers with reports of their cyngetic exploits recorded at the rate of so much a line. Meantime, the women proceeded by other stratagems. The daughters of the house were sent to the classes of fashionable professors and ordered to cultivate the acquaintance of their classmates. The mothers, on their side, endeavored to push their way into society by participating liberally in the innumerable charitable works which are under the patronages of the duchesses and countesses of the noble Faubourg. The duchesses, after consulting a worldly priest, saw no reason to refuse the Jewess's gold, but still the doors of the salons

of the faubourg remained closed to the new Jewry. Then, through the loophole of art, one of these energetic Israelites penetrated the salon of an ex-imperial highness; he made room for his uncles and aunts and cousins, who gradually introduced their friends and their friends' friends, until at last the Wednesday receptions of the amiable hostess in question have come to be in a large degree receptions of the descendants of the tribes. Strengthened by this victory and having gained fresh help as they progressed, thanks to their obliging ways and their lavish hospitality, the Israelites returned to the attack of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and this time their efforts were not unsuccessful, and their hopes run high for the future of their campaign. Why should not Israel place on the brows of its daughters all the old ducal crowns that it pleases and as it pleases? The disappearance of privileges, the hazards of fortune, the fusion of interests, the frequency of *mésalliances* have destroyed caste in France. Why seek vainly to keep up a spirit of caste?

In general terms the above is an exact account of the conquest of Parisian society by the new Jewry. The existence of the Rothschilds and of the Cahens d'Anvers, for instance, is reasonable enough, and there is nothing to be said against the Jews as Jews, inasmuch as nothing is more respectable than the position which their activity and intelligence enable them to acquire. On the other hand nothing can be more absurd than to see a vulgar Jewish millionaire, with a pronounced German accent, aping the manners of a grand seigneur and aristocrat, who is the product of many generations of culture and of traditions and prejudices based precisely on those institutions of feudalism and chivalry which are essentially hostile to the traditions and institutions of Israel. Can we imagine anything more grotesque than a parvenu dressing his valets and grooms in a livery copied from that of the old court of Versailles, and organizing in the forests of Fontainebleau and Saint-Germain, still peopled with the shades of Henri IV. and Louis XIV., stag hunts and boar hunts with all the pomp and circumstance of the royal hunts illustrated by the brush of Oudry, and by the historical tapestries of the Gobelins? But it is vain to protest against such trifles as bad taste and want of tact. The Israelites are rapidly winning their way to the front rank in Parisian society, and the only thing to do is to submit to the invasion

with good grace. It is too late to resist. Only a few months ago, when the subscription Saturdays were started at the Opéra Comique, the Prince de Sagan and the Vicomte de Turenne were charged with recruiting subscribers for the boxes. "Pas de Juifs, sauf les Rothschilds!" Such was the word of command. But it was all in vain. Those subtle Israelites made private arrangements with the nominal tenants of certain boxes, and so they figure in the best seats *quand même*.

Bonapartist society is as divided as the party itself. Prince Napoleon, whose *entourage* is vague and changeful, may be regarded as a leader only to a limited extent. Prince Victor also holds receptions, since his friends have charitably made him a modest purse which enables him to have a bachelor's establishment of his own. The salon of the Princess Mathilde is not political, although at the Sunday receptions you see a few militant Bonapartists there, and sometimes Prince Napoleon himself. But above all things the Princess Mathilde detests politics. Her house in the Rue de Berri is full of exquisite pictures by the old masters, and also by a chosen few of the modern schools; the arrangement of the saloons is a model of comfort and refined elegance; and the company you meet there, especially at the Sunday receptions, is composed of all who are distinguished in diplomacy, art, and letters. The princess's Wednesday receptions are more intimate, and of late Israel has grown rather prominent at them.

Republican society may be seen at the receptions of the ministers, the senators, the deputies, and in the salons of the *politiqueuses* like Madame Edmond Adam. The president of the republic has no social existence. The annual balls given at the Elysées at the beginning of the year consist merely in a promenade through the saloons of the palace, concluding with a struggle for a sandwich at the buffet, which entertainment seems to give a certain satisfaction to the clerks in the government offices and their wives, who form the majority of the guests. During the rest of the year, M. Grévy's hospitality is limited to an occasional breakfast or dinner party given in the private dining-room of the palace, where for the past three years I have remarked the same dirty black thumb-marks on the door getting deeper and deeper in tone. But President Grévy evidently takes no pleasure in entertaining, and his wife has no social aptitude whatever. Want of elegance has

long been a standing grievance against the republic. "La république manque de femmes!" cried Gambetta, eight years ago, in a moment of inspiration, after which he proceeded to back up with his influential presence the salons of Madame Adam, of the Marquise Arconati-Visconti, and of the Comtesse de Beaumont. In spite of this beginning, the republic is still wanting in women, and the recent visit of the Prince Charles of Portugal, Duke de Bragance, to Paris, shows how utterly the republic fails to comprehend social duties. M. Grévy neither invited the prince to dinner, nor to shoot, nor to the Opera, although, as president of the republic, he has a State box at the opera, State preserves in the forest of Marly, to say nothing of a State palace and State money given to him for *frais de représentation*. The hospitality that the Duke de Bragance received was at the hands of the Duke d'Aumale, the Orleans princes, the Comtesse de la Ferronnays, and a few other noble hostesses. The republic kept in the background, made no attempt to assert its prestige, and left to others the honor of maintaining the tradition of French hospitality. Is not this always the case? Whenever a prince or an archduke comes to Paris he sees everybody except a republican. Official hospitality has been struck out of the programme of the republic, so far at least as foreign visitors are concerned. And at the ministries and at the houses of the high officials what social manifestations do we find? Mainly open receptions with an orchestra and a cotillon. Madame Floquet, Madame de Freycinet, and Madame Lockroy entertain in this manner with considerable success; indeed, during the past few months the republic may be said to have made a certain effort to be gay and elegant, and its most beautiful and intelligent feminine supporters have been brought into evidence. The leaders are Madame Floquet and her sisters, Mmes. Charras, Chauffour, Rislers and Scheurer-Kestner, all *nées* Kestner, and suckled with the milk of democracy. The eldest, Madame Charras, talks like a book, so much so that people accuse her of reading up beforehand the subjects on which she intends to turn the conversation, as Madame Necker did of old. Madame Charras is the Egeria of the family, and the men generally accept her oracles without dispute. Madame Floquet, the wife of the president of the Chamber of Deputies, delights to dress in red. She is a tall and handsome brunette, who talks too

loud, laughs too loud, and always keeps on good terms with her niece, Madame Jules Ferry. It is impossible to foresee the future. Madame Ferry, daughter of Madame Risler, with her blue eyes, regular features, blond hair, and elegant figure, is esteemed a pretty woman. She is refined and cold in her manner, and supposed to be ambitious of greater social distinction than she has yet obtained. This Kestner dynasty always manages to keep some of its men in office. Madame Lockroy is a Belgian lady, who, before she married the *premier élu* of Paris, became the mother of Jeanne and Georges Hugo, the grandchildren of the author of "L'Art d'être Grand-père." Madame de Freycinet, daughter of M. Bosc, a rich ship-owner of Bordeaux, is the most distinguished and refined of all the official ladies. She dresses simply and elegantly, receives her guests with affability, worships the portraits of the ancestors of her husband, the Comte de Saulces de Freycinet, and never forgets to have the Freycinet arms printed on the official menus. Amongst other republican ladies *en évidence* may be mentioned Madame Liouville, wife of the deputy of the Meuse; Madame Thiessé, wife of the deputy of the Seine Inférieure—a black-haired compatriot of Haydée, whose wonderful eyes seem to wander all round her head; Madame Andrieux, *née* Kœchlin, who receives with considerable magnificence in the Avenue Friedland; Madame Ménard-Dorian, Madame Thompson, and Madame Flameng; and the two professional beauties whose names are always accompanied by a conventional epithet, *la belle* Madame Armengaud, and *la belle* Madame Gauthereau. The star of the former has recently risen, and she is still only the wife of a municipal councillor, but her salon is more frequented than that of any minister's wife, and the future seems bright to her beautiful eyes. Madame Gauthereau is that South American beauty whose portrait by Mr. John Sargent attracted so much attention and ridicule in the Salon two years ago; she has carried to unparalleled perfection the art of maquillage, enamelling, and of eccentricity in costume and coiffure.

Of Madame Edmond Adam what can one say that has not been said already? Her salon has had several phases, of which the most brilliant was that which was illuminated by the star of Gambetta. The fair editor of *La Nouvelle Revue* has sought to attract attention by all kinds of means. She has hung Chinese lanterns

outside her windows and attached reporters to her person; she has pursued fame in literature, politics, diplomacy, charity *fêtes*, and *bals champêtres*; she has kept a table d'hôte for the friends of Gambetta; in her impetuous and generous vanity she has entrusted herself with secret State missions to Italy, Austria, and Russia; she has opened her doors to all Europe, and knocked in vain at the door of the czar; she has extended her protection indiscriminately to singers, poets, actors, sous-préfets, and the financiers of the Union Générale; she has written books which it would have been better to leave unwritten, such as the hysterical pseudo-Hellenic "Païenne;" she has filled Europe with the noise of her name and her exploits, and nevertheless she remains a charming, fascinating, and beautiful lady, whose first thought is to oblige her friends. But Madame Adam's idea of friendship has been the cause of her social ruin; her desire has always been to have, not a score of friends, or fifty friends, but five thousand friends; the consequence is that her salon has become a caravanseraï and the rendezvous of the small fry of Tout-Paris; its character has ceased to be political, and it is now one of the many nondescript places where you meet all sorts of people, hear music and comedy, and suffer from heat and overcrowding. This decadence is regrettable; one might have hoped that her early social education in the salon of the aristocratic Comtesse d'Agoult (Daniel Stern) would have sufficed to save Madame Adam from the promiscuity of which she is at present the silvery-haired and smiling victim.

We may now pass on to the coteries and the various literary and artistic salons which make some show of resisting the invasion of the Tout-Paris. Such are the academic salons of Madame de Chambrun, Madame Aubernon, Madame Renan, Madame de Blocqueville, Madame Buloz. Madame Renan receives with considerable strictness at the Collège de France, of which her husband is the administrator, and her salon and that of Madame Aubernon are the most select and the most interesting of the kind, though both are rather too redolent of the palms of the Institute and the ink of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Madame Aubernon, niece of Charles Lafitte, is an assiduous attendant at the lectures of MM. Caro, Guizot, and Deschanel; she never misses a Tuesday at the Comédie Française; she has a miniature theatre in her house in the Avenue de Messine, where until a recent

brouille M. Dumas reigned supreme. Madame Aubernon knows everything, but prefers to father her knowledge upon Thiers, Mignet, Renan, Rémusat, or some of her other illustrious living or dead friends, whose names are constantly returning as authorities in her conversation. Withal, a most amiable, intelligent, and kind lady.

His impertinence, the Duke de Broglie, has a political and academic salon in the Rue Solferino, presided over by the princess Victor de Broglie, dauphine of the house, the grandson of Madame de Staël being a widower. The ambassador and conspirator of the early years of the republic has been reduced to *strenua inertia* by the failure of his *coup d'état* under Marshal MacMahon, but, being a man of Italian suppleness and gaiety, he manages to console himself with society, gossip, a certain dry taste for letters, the administration of a large fortune, and the satisfaction of contemplating himself with interest in the looking-glass of Saint-Gobain. Passing from group to group with a peculiar swaying of the haunches, the duke addresses his guest in a grating, shrill voice, and with a peculiar spluttering lisp repeats rapidly every question, "Et que disait-elle, Madame de X.? Que disait-elle, Madame de X.?" A most self-confident and venomous gentleman, M. de Broglie.

The Comtesse de Beaumont-Castries, sister of the Duke de Castries, is perhaps the only woman of the old French noblesse who has not closed her doors against the new ideas of democracy. Separated from her husband for reasons which do not concern us, and at loggerheads with her mother-in-law — the daughter of the celebrated Dupuytren, generally called for convenience's sake the Comtesse Beaumont-Lancette — the Comtesse Jeanne de Beaumont lives as she thinks fit in a beautiful brick house in the Avenue de l'Alma. She receives in her studio, for she is a sculptor of talent as well as a musician, and furthermore she receives whom she pleases. To the horror of her friends of the faubourg she made Gambetta her very intimate friend. The key to her house is wit and intellect without regard to party, caste, or school, and among the habitués of her salon are MM. Carolus Duran, Alphonse Daudet, the painter Hébert, Salvayre the musician, and Liszt and Rubenstein when they are at Paris. The Baroness de Poilly, like Madame de Beaumont, has a tendency towards refined Bohemianism. She is an

ex-cocodette of Compiègne, but, like all the ladies of that court, she seems to be blessed with eternal youth. An indefatigable pleasure-seeker, this opulent widow entertains her friends in summer at her oriental Villa Camélia, at Deauville; in the autumn she receives at Follembroy, where her son, the Comte de Brigode, keeps a pack of stag-hounds and manages a glass-works; in the winter she lives in a lovely house in the Champs Elysées. Madame de Poilly is eclectic in her tastes, and the only people she will not receive are the financiers and the heavy-witted. Her great delight is music and private theatricals, and her lyric and dramatic fêtes are famous for their novelty and splendor. In literature Madame de Poilly swears by the venerable and chivalrous M. Barbey d'Aureville, and by her young protégés, MM. Paul Bourget, Guy de Maupassant, and François Coppée. A rival of the Baronsse de Poilly in the love of music and letters is the Princess Brancovan, née Ralouka Musurus, whose husband, a Byzantine grand seigneur, was sometime hospodar of Wallachia. At her Sunday breakfasts in the Avenue Hoche, the Princess Brancovan listens chiefly to the mellifluous philosophy of M. Caro. In the summer at their Villa Amphion, on the Lake of Geneva, the Brancovans live gaily with their neighbors, the Rothschilds, the Talleyrands, and the La Rochefoucaulds, and surround themselves with a little court of musicians and men of letters. The Comtesse Potocka, née Pignatelli, is the type of Musset's "Andalouse aux yeux brunis." She has the finest furs, the finest pearls, and the finest equipages in Paris, and on Sundays she tries to revive the traditions of the Hôtel Rambouillet in her Louis XIV. mansion in the Avenue Friedland. Her guests are MM. Caro, Octave Feuillet, De Maupassant, Ratisbonne, Coquelin, the painter Béraud, and other folks of small birth and great wit.

I cannot of course describe all the *mondaines* and note their special tastes and characteristics; a brief mention of some of the most eminent will suffice, and by the most eminent I mean those who are most *en vue* and whose presence is most noticed whether in society or at the opera, the theatre, and other places of worldly meeting. A *mondaine enragée* is the blonde Marquise d'Hervey de Saint-Denis, an Austrian lady née Louise de Ward, who married the distinguished Chinese scholar, member of the Institute, and professor at the Collège de France,

whom the marquise and her friends call *le mandarin*. The Marquise d'Hervey goes everywhere and lives with the smartest of the *mondaines*. The Marquis and the Marquise d'Aoust bring together in their harmonious home in the Rue du Général Foy aristocrats and artists; the marquis composes operettes and the marquise puts her fine contralto voice at her husband's service. The Princess Jourovsky-Dolgorouki, who almost became the legitimate empress Alexander II. of Russia, after having many years been empress *de la main gauche*, has settled in the Rue Las Cases, where she has an eclectic salon and gives a weekly dinner, for which M. Arsène Houssaye issues the invitations. "Bohème impériale," I am told by an Academician who has been there to see, "et pas drôle du tout." The Comtesse de Mercy-Argenteau, the granddaughter of Madame Tallien, is one of the numerous ex-beauties of the Tuileries. So too is the Comtesse de Pourtalès, a blonde, blue-eyed Lorrainer, who remains eternally young and brilliant and a leader of fashion, although she is a grandmother. Madame de Pourtalès, while she was the favorite at Compiègne, nevertheless remained faithful to her friends of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and she still keeps up a mixed acquaintance, partly Bonapartist, partly monarchist. Her salon in the Rue Tronchet is a marvel of skilful mixture. The Duchess de Mouchy, daughter of Prince Lucien Murat and Miss Fraser, is yet another survivor of the Decameron of Compiègne. She now lives quietly in one of the villas that the Princess de Sagan has built for her friends in the Rue Saint-Dominique. The Duchess de Luynes, who was left a widow at the age of twenty-one, when her husband fell at the battle of Patay, receives only at Cannes and Dampierre, where she is always surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls; at Paris she spends her time mostly with the Comtesse Potocka and the Marquise d'Hervey de Saint-Denis. The Comtesse Robert de Mailly-Nesle is a capricious and independent lady who has always refused to live with her husband, and to whom the pope recently refused to grant a divorce at the same time that he refused the similar demand of the Comtesse Zamoiska. The comtesse is nevertheless a very considerable personage in high society, an exquisite singer, a lady of inexhaustible and varied curiosity, and a great friend of the Rothschilds. The Vicomtesse de Greffuhle, like her friend, Madame de Mailly-Nesle, is original and eccentric in

her manner and dress. The Duchess d'Uzès has the reputation of being the greatest horsewoman in France; at Bonnelles, near Rambouillet, she is the mistress of her own stag-hounds, and conducts her hunt according to the ceremonial laid down in the code of Saint Hubert. The Duchess d'Uzès has carried her sporting tastes so far as to be the first *femme du monde* to drive a four-in-hand to La Croix de Berny. At Paris the duchess lives in the gilded palace in the Champs Elysées formerly occupied by Queen Christine. The title which the Duke de Crussol d'Uzès left his widow is the most ancient French ducal title, but the sporting duchess cares very little whether her friends have parchments or not. To finish this partial list of fashionable ladies of authentic aristocracy, let me mention the three cousins whose social star is now rapidly rising in the Faubourg, namely, the young Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Princess de Léon, and the Comtesse Aymery de la Rochefoucauld, the latter an elegant beauty of the Marie Antoinette type, with golden hair of the famous shade of *cheveux de la reine*.

The *Foreign Resident's* chapters on *littérateurs*, actors, actresses, and artists in London society, suggest a few words on the equivalent features of Parisian society. The Parisian *littérateurs* are, I imagine, much more society men than their London *confrères*. The presence of members of the French Academy, for instance, is much esteemed in many quarters, and as feminine influence plays a considerable rôle in the Academy elections it is advisable for playwrights, novelists, and aspiring writers generally to cultivate influential relations in view of the future. But, putting aside all questions of interest, we may indulge in the frank pleasure of recognizing that, however plutocratic modern Paris may be, literature and art are more highly honored there than in any other European capital. The Baron Alphonse de Rothschild esteems no privilege higher than that of printing on his cards "Membre de l'Institut," and the Duc d'Aumale is proud to be considered not the least distinguished member of the French Academy. The Israelites in their recent conquering campaign have recognized the supremacy of art and letters, and while their wealth and vanity have enabled them to become protectors of the arts in a certain commercial way, the intelligence of their wives warned them not to neglect the literary men. Hitherto, however, no Israelite hostess has attempted to form a

literary salon, but there are probabilities that after a complete course of initiatory lessons by men like M. Caro and M. Paul Bourget — their present philosophers and guides — some Madame Cahen, or a Madame Kann, will risk the grave step one of these days. It must also be admitted that, heavy and commonplace as are the men of the more recent Jewry, the wives are generally intelligent and free from antiquated prejudices. Their exotic origin often gives them a certain piquancy; many of them have retained a flavor of Orientalism in their postures and manner of living; and so altogether, what with their originality and their adaptability to Parisian manners and even to Parisian morals, we may anticipate great success in the future for the ladies of the new Jewry. Thanks, then, to this respect of their profession, men of letters, provided they be men of talent, lead a comparatively worldly existence in Paris, receiving and being received, dining and being dined. M. Alexandre Dumas is in great request in all kinds of society; so too is M. Renan. In conversation M. Dumas cannot brook contradiction, and he is by no means always equal to the interruption of a witty woman. M. Renan is a great favorite in the present chaotic condition of French society because he never deigns to have any precise opinion on any subject, and so all opinions can count upon his support; with his hands crossed in quasi monkish pose over his shapeless obesity, M. Renan smiles serenely and agrees with his left-hand neighbor without disagreeing with the diametrically opposite views expressed by his neighbor on his right. MM. Octave Feuillet, Emile Augier, Théodore de Banville, Duruy, Taine, Edmond de Goncourt, Halévy, may all be seen constantly at the weekly receptions of the princess Mathilde. Sardou, on the rare occasions when he goes into society, does not shine as a *causeur*; his encyclopædic information and his extreme volubility prompt him to deliver a lecture where M. Alexandre Dumas would let off his victim with a monologue. M. Ludovic Halévy is the great literary figure in the salons of the Rothschilds; he is a frequent guest at Chantilly, and altogether a gentleman who does not make himself cheap in society. M. Pailleron is less careful in choosing his friends, and rather too fond of the flowery panegyrics of newspaper reporters. Rich, rubicund, smiling, and happy, M. Pailleron lives magnificently on the Quai d'Orsay, and gives Monday dinners which are as celebrated as were the dinners of

Dr. Véron and his cook Sophie. Thanks to his marriage with Mlle. Buloz, M. Pailleron entered the sacred precincts of the influence of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which, in due course, led him to the Academy. In Academic circles M. Pailleron has become a very important personage. He is, furthermore, the author of that most successful comedy, "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," and one of that group of happy and lucky *littérateurs* whose success is out of proportion with their merits. I mean the lavender-kid and opoponax group of which the leaders are the Marquis de Massa, M. Gustave Droz, M. Jacques Normand, and M. Georges Ohnet. M. Alphonse Daudet, the charming novelist and delicate stylist, professes contempt of the ennui and emptiness of the *grand monde*, but he is nevertheless frequently seen in society, and his Thursday receptions in the Rue Bellechasse bring together many of the eminent artistic and literary men of Paris. Madame Daudet, like her husband, is a delicate literary artist, and at this house the *débutantes* who manifest a care for style always find encouragement and a welcome. M. Alphonse Daudet is certainly one of the most brilliant and fascinating talkers in Paris. M. Jules Barbey d'Aureville, the brilliant and Byronian author of "Les Diaboliques" — gray, venerable, and wrinkled before 2 P.M.; black-haired, fatal, and fascinating at nightfall, when he has donned his whaleboned coat and his laced cravat — likes best to go to houses where the men are few enough to allow him to be the *cog*. M. d'Aureville is the sole survivor of the dandies of 1830 — an eloquent talker, full of extraordinary anecdotes and paradoxes, and withal a fine literary artist. M. Paul Bourget is, to a certain extent, a pupil of M. d'Aureville. Feminine, Byronian, an abstracter of quintessences, a pessimist of the family of those whose hopelessness does not prevent them from enjoying life, M. Bourget is smoothing his path towards the Academy by all the recognized means, including that of superior talent. At Madame Aubernon's and at Madame de Poilly's M. Bourget is an oracle; at the princess Mathilde's he is the confessor of the women whom M. Caro's philosophy has unsettled; in certain of the salons of Israel the ladies deign to correct his proof-sheets, and beseech him in indolent attitudes to sacrifice an epithet which offends their exotic ears. M. Guillaume Guizot, of the Collège de France, affects the traditions of *galanterie* of the last century, and conceals his erudition

under a smart and English-looking exterior. Professor Deschanel is also a notable favorite of society ladies; and his son, M. Paul Deschanel, is a polished writer and a distinguished drawing-room actor — in fact "le Delaunay des salons." The author of "Poèmes Barbares," M. Leconte de Lisle, upon whom the Academy has recently conferred immortality, frequents a few literary houses; and on Saturday evenings the poets of the Parnassian group and their wives go in pious pilgrimage to burn myrrh and incense in his modest house in the Boulevard Saint-Michel. In short, the literary men, far from being merged in the common crowd, as we hear they are in London, play a very considerable rôle in Parisian society, and, with few exceptions, they do not allow themselves to become the prey of mere lion-hunters. At the houses which they frequent they are content to take and give their share in the banquet of wit, or in the simple ordinariness of gossip and small talk.

As for the journalists, it is needless to distinguish them from the literary men in general. The Parisian press is largely literary, and within the past hundred years one can hardly mention a single eminent man connected with public affairs or literature who has not been at one time or another a journalist. "Le journalisme mène à tout à la condition d'en sortir." However, there are some disdainful spirits who do not care to be led to anything, and who remain journalists. Such are MM. John Lemoine and Edouard Hervé, the editor of the Orleanist *Soleil*, who are both members of the Academy, and most distinguished and unimpeachable gentlemen; M. Renan writes in the *Journal des Débats*; M. Alphonse Daudet publishes his novels in *Le Figaro*; M. Théodore de Banville spins essays for the *Gil Blas*. The mere title of journalist in itself speaks but little in a man's favor in Paris; everything depends upon the individual journalist.

The artists occupy quite a prominent place in Parisian society. Their career, like that of the literary men, receives its supreme consecration from the Institute; and since it has become the fashion to pay for modern pictures enormous prices, the painters have ceased to be Bohemians. On the contrary they live in sumptuous houses, ride fine horses, give splendid fêtes, and vie in luxury with their cosmopolitan patrons. M. Bonnat earns by his portraits half a million francs a year, and goes wherever he pleases in society, breakfasts with his eminent model President

Grévy, dines with a Rothschild, and ends his evening in the salon of some titled *mondaine*. M. Gustave Jacquet is the privileged portraitist of the *grandes dames* of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. M. Hébert, *le Chopin de la peinture*, promenades the blonde beauty of his German spouse in the most aristocratic salons. MM. Carolus Duran, Gérôme, Henner, Falguière, Barrias, Gervex, Berthier, Bouguereau, Lefebvre, and a score other painters of more or less celebrity, gyrate nightly in various spheres of Parisian social life.

The actors and actresses hold a less honorable position in Paris than they do in London. They make visits of a professional nature to the houses of the aristocracy and of the rich *bourgeoisie*; and at the Comédie Française the *sociétaires*, both ladies and gentlemen, are happy to receive their aristocratic and literary friends in the *foyer*. But there end the relations of the stage and the *monde*. Obviously the Comtesse X. cannot receive Mlle. Z. of the Française or of the Gymnase, when she knows that her husband, the Comte X., or her son the vicomte, or her brother-in-law the Marquis Y., is the protector and banker of the said Mlle. Z. There are, of course, two or three exceptions. Madame Pasca, for instance, is the friend of a dozen noble dames who are a little stage-struck; but Madame Pasca was a *mondaine* before she became an actress. There is, in fact, nothing in Paris equivalent to the dinner parties of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, or to the little suppers of Mr. Arthur Cecil, or to the select parties of histrionic artistes of both sexes whom my Lord Lonsborough delights to entertain at his country seat in Hampshire.

So much for sets and coteries. There remains now to be considered the Tout-Paris. This vast congeries of individuals may be subdivided into several sections, such as the "Tout-Paris mondain," the "Tout-Paris artiste," the "Tout-Paris des premières," the "Tout-Paris du sport," and so forth; the former comprising representatives of each and all the subdivisions. A more heterogeneous crowd than this could not be imagined; all nations figure in it, and all its relations may be reduced to three categories of motives, — vanity, curiosity, and interest. The Tout-Paris is eager for summary news and gossip concerning its members; its chief objects in life are to make acquaintances, to know everybody, to go everywhere, to be seen at first nights, at

balls, at dinner parties; to make and receive visits; and, above all, to have its name printed in the newspapers. The subscription lists of the Opéra, of the Comédie Française, and of the Opéra Comique, will give an idea of the mixed elements of this Tout-Paris mondain; the names *en vedette* are selected from the Almanacks of Gotha and Golgotha and the Stock Exchange Directory; and the background is filled up by *rastaouères* and adventurers of native and exotic origin. The existence of the members of Tout-Paris is no sinecure. In order to participate in what the newspapers call "la haute vie," when they do not call it "le high-life," one must know as many people as possible, pay eight or ten visits in an afternoon, go to three or four houses every night; for otherwise one falls out of the "movement," and nothing is more humiliating than to hear people talking about things that one has not seen. A proof that one has fine social relations is to be seen at several houses every day. Then one must follow the picture exhibitions, have particular information about all that is going on, say one's little say on every subject, decide, affirm, pass judgment on the last new play, the latest novel, or the forthcoming scandal. This demands much hard and daily work, for it is astonishing how vast Tout-Paris is, and how many people there are of the same condition in life. The Tout-Paris has reduced *la vie chic* to a species of book-keeping. There are codes of *chic* published in the newspapers and in handy volumes, where all the circumstances of life find their formula, and where all learn when to rise and when to sit down, when to leave cards, how to salute a lady, how to behave at "five o'clocks," and how to ask for an invitation to a ball when you are utterly unknown to the person who gives it.

Such is, in the main, the mechanism of the Tout-Paris. "La haute vie" is a whirlpool of social duties so numerous, so absorbing, and so continuous, that there is no room left for sentiment, and no time for useless friendship. As long as you are fortunate and prominent "*dans le mouvement*," *multos numerabis amicos*; and if the reverse is your lot, you will find Parisian humanity precisely the same as Ovid found Roman humanity. In none of the sections of Parisian society, and least of all in the Tout-Paris, can we find that finesse, that refinement, and that polished courtesy for which French society used to be renowned. The old society is dead,

and with it has vanished that essentially French art of *causerie*, and that most desirable characteristic of social intercourse — sureness and permanency of relations. The new society of the republic is distinguished by a marked lack of refinement in its manners, by the insignificance of its talk, and by the separation of the sexes. The men of the republic prefer the smoking room to the society of the ladies. Amiable relations, elegant manners, and choice hospitality are very rare in modern Paris; and perhaps we should not be far from the truth if we attribute their disappearance to the disappearance of the salons which were the best social schools ever devised. It is true we still hear of the salon of Madame X. or the salon of the Comtesse Z., but the *salon* in the old sense of the term no longer exists in Paris. A house is really attractive only when it has some particular quality or color, and when some common interest or taste forms a bond between those who meet there. In these conditions a salon is at once a pleasure and a force, and, unfortunately, contemporary Paris is wanting in such salons, whose place can never be taken by mere sumptuous receptions and balls, where hundreds of unknown persons pass and repass each other on their way to and from the buffet, and still less by those musical houses where long-haired virtuosos weary our ears with Chopin, and Beethoven, and Massenet. "La musique," said a marquise of the old style, "est le plus grand ennemi que je sache de l'esprit Français." And yet in how many houses in modern Paris can one make sure of escaping the ordeal of pianists and singers? *La causerie est morte*, you hear people lamenting. And no wonder that it is dead, for our modern hostesses seem to have deliberately conspired together to kill it.

Attempts have been made since the establishment of the present republic to form salons and revive the traditions of the great Parisiennes of the past, and nearly all these attempts have failed through the introduction of the worship of great men. As M. Henri Fouquier told us in one of his essays the other day, there is no surer way of breaking up a salon than to allow a great man to enthroned himself in it, impose his tastes, introduce his friends, and become the idol whom all must worship. The adoration of an Academician or the *culte* of a statesman are equally fatal. Instances of failures from the above cause will readily suggest themselves to those who are famil-

iar with Parisian life. Other salons have failed though the literary, political, administrative, and other ambitions of the hostesses. Indeed, one may say that every salon which serves the fortunes of the woman who presides over it, or the fortunes of those who visit it, will inevitably become a centre of intrigue no better than the anteroom of a ministry. Madame Adam's salon failed because it was simply a sort of Bourse, where prefects went to seek advancement, poets to get a hearing, writers to find a publisher, comedians to win applause, and candidates of all kinds to forward their interests. The ideal salon is a place where people meet disinterestedly, with the sole object of pleasure and amusement, and where *causerie* and *galanterie* suffice to furnish both. But nowadays the men regard the women in a salon as merely prettily dressed figures, and when they deign to speak to them it is only to relate the news of the day or the scandals of the night, for they have forgotten the art of rendering discreet and sprightly homage. The average modern Parisian man who finds himself in society in presence of a woman to whom he has just been introduced is at a loss for topics of talk; his eye is as mute as his lips, and his heart is as sluggish as his wit. *Galanterie* is dead. And this is why you now see the women *parquées* — as they call it — like sheep in a fold, while the men crowd together in the doorways as far away as possible; and this is why our long Parisian social evenings have to be occupied by play-acting, tableaux vivants, and the noise of stringed instruments and wind instruments. Formerly the Parisian salon, Parisian *causerie*, and Parisian *galanterie* used to seem to all Europe the ideal of elegance of relations and of social amenity. Does the republic boast no woman of genius who will attempt to resuscitate all three before the tradition and the *souvenir* of them have quite vanished?

THEODORE CHILD.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
AN OLD SCHOOLBOOK.

IN these latter days, when the civilized world seems to be completely agreed upon the value of education, and as completely divided upon educational methods, it is no matter of surprise that we should see an "Education Library" — a series of volumes professing to cover the considerable

amount of ground that lies between "old Greek education" and "the Kindergarten system." In its second volume the library becomes partly biographical. Professor Laurie presents us with an interesting account of the life and educational works of Johannes Amos Comenius — a name probably not familiar to many. In his own day Comenius may be said to have represented Dr. William Smith, the Rev. T. Kerchever Arnold, Lindley Murray, Mrs. Marcet, and Mrs. Trimmer rolled into one. He was also a bishop of the Moravian Church, and lived an active life of eighty years as a pedagogue, a theologian, and, to his misfortune, a prophet, from 1592 to 1671.

I propose to present in some detail a description of a Latin schoolbook of his, which was extremely popular some two hundred years ago, as it has not come within the scope of Professor Laurie's book to show us any of Comenius's actual productions, and I am the happy possessor of a copy of the "Orbis Pictus."

The full title of this book is as follows: "JOH. AMOS COMENII Orbis Sensualium Pictus: hoc est, omnia Principalium in Mundo Rerum, et in Vita Actionum PICTURA et NOMENCLATURA" — a title thus interpreted in the English edition of 1777, "JOH. AMOS COMENIUS'S Visible World: or a Nomenclature, and Pictures, of All the CHIEF THINGS that are in the WORLD, and of MEN'S EMPLOYMENTS therein: in above 150 CUTS." To this the following note is added: "Written by the Author in Latin and High Dutch, being one of his last Essays; and the most suitable to Children's Capacities of any he hath hitherto made."

Comenius lived and labored in the days of the last of three educational reactions. The revival of letters in Europe naturally took effect upon European education. By the Renaissance in this aspect, "for the dry bones," says Professor Laurie, "of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, was substituted the living substance of thought, and the gymnastics of the schools gave place to the free play of mind once more in contact with nature." Such, briefly, was the first of these educational reactions — a return to realism.

This realism was soon replaced by humanism. The Greek and Latin classics began to be studied with delight — first for themselves, soon for their beauty of style and expression. Classical matter before long became less engrossing than classical manner. Again to quote Professor Laurie, "Style became the chief

object of the educated class, and successful imitation, and thereafter laborious criticism, became the marks of the highest culture." Such, in brief, was pure humanism, or pure scholarship.

Comenius may be regarded as the chief prophet of the next reaction — that in favor of sense-realism, the essence of which appears to have consisted not in loving humanism less, but realism more. The sense-realists, as represented by Comenius, must have loved humanism, for they set themselves, in their educational method, to teach Hebrew, Latin, and Greek both thoroughly and rapidly. But this was only a means to an end, that end being to propagate a knowledge of all arts and sciences; and to show how in the whole kingdom one and the same speech, government, and religion might be maintained. In education, matter was to come before form; everything was to come through experience and investigation. These principles are evidently kept in view throughout the "Orbis Pictus," to a brief description of which I now proceed.

But before one arrives at the *ipsissima verba* of Comenius, a good deal of matter is presented on the threshold by "able editors" and enthusiastic pedagogues in introducing the book in its twelfth edition to the English scholastic public. First we have a letter to the editor from W. Jones, of Pluckley, expressing a belief that "it will lead to a *copia verborum* by the shortest, surest, and pleasantest road; and that it will also serve to prevent in some degree that Pagan ignorance to which many boys are unfortunately left, while they are acquiring Latin in their tender years." Next follows "an Advertisement concerning the eleventh edition," signed by "J.H." and dated from London. "J.H." in rather confused language complains that without the Comenian method "the generality of schools go on in the same old dull road, wherein a great part of children's time is lost in a tiresome heaping up a Pack of dry and unprofitable or pernicious Notions (for surely little better can be said of a great part of that Heathenish stuff they are tormented with; like the feeding them with hard Nuts, which, when they have almost broke their teeth with cracking, they find either deaf or to contain but very rotten and unwholesome Kernels), whilst Things really perspective of the Understanding and useful in every state of Life are left unregarded, to the reproach of our Nation, where all other Arts are improved and flourish well, only this of Education of Youth is at a stand."

Then comes the author's preface to the reader, starting with these words, which perhaps read better in the original High Dutch than in their translated form: "Instruction is a means to expel rudeness, with which young wits ought to be well furnished in schools." The author goes on to express a hope that his book "may entice witty children to it, that they may not conceit a torment to be in the school, but dainty fare." It will "serve to stir up the Attention . . . for the Senses . . . evermore seek their own objects, and if they be away they grow dull and wry themselves hither and thither out of a weariness of themselves; but when their objects are present, they grow merry, wax lively, and willingly suffer themselves to be fastened upon them." More follows, till the author says, "But enough; let us come to the thing itself." But we turn the page only to arrive at a letter from the translator "to all judicious and industrious Schoolmasters," signed by "Charles Hole, from my school in Lothbury." To this is added "The Judgment of Mr. Hezekiah Woodward, some time an eminent school-master in London," in support of teaching by pictures; and on the next page we find ourselves in another world, the "Orbis Pictus."

On a dais in the open country is seated the master; before him stands a chubby boy. Both are pointing with the forefinger to the skies. The adjoining plain is being scoured by a very large wild animal, of a species probably now extinct. In the nearer distance we have the usual village church; in the extreme distance some of those pyramids with their sharp edges worn off, which in this wonderful book always do duty for mountains. The scene represents the "Invitation." The master invites the boy to "learn to be wise." After a short dialogue, the boy says, "See, here I am, lead me in the name of God," and is immediately introduced to "a lively and vocal alphabet." Comenius's motto seems to have been, in a slightly altered sense, *Recte si possis; si non, quocumque modo rem*; and he calls upon his artist to illustrate every subject he touches upon. No abstraction is allowed to escape; every virtue and every vice is personified to enable the artist to depict it. Anything more grotesque than the artist's drawings it is hard to imagine. He generally makes the mistake of forgetting that a figure represented as right-handed on the wood will turn out left-handed in the impression on paper — a mistake I remember to have seen in a

Bible of the date of Charles the Second, where the judges are given in a series of portraits, and the only right-handed man among them is Ehud. When it is added that an illustration of the human soul is given by Comenius's artist, it will be seen that he had the courage of his opinions. With regard to animals, (by whose sounds Comenius helps his pupils through the vocal alphabet), *recte* is out of the question with the artist. He is obliged to fall back upon the *quocumque modo* method, and adds to each letter a drawing more or less unlike some creature whose sounds are taken to represent a letter. His zoology also is continually at fault. Thus we have in the alphabet such specimens as the following: —

<i>Cornix cornicatur</i>	.	.	à à	A a
The Crow crieth	.	.		
<i>Cicada stridet</i>	.	.	ci ci	C c
The Grasshopper chirpeth	.	.		
<i>Upupa dicit</i>	.	.	du du	D d
The Whooppoo saith	.	.		
<i>Anser gingrit</i>	.	.	ga ga	G g
The Goose gagleth	.	.		
<i>Mus mintrit</i>	.	.	ll	I i
The Mouse chirpeth	.	.		
<i>Ursus murmurat</i>	.	.	mmmum	M m
The Bear grumbleth	.	.		
<i>Felis clamat</i>	.	.	nau nau	N n
The Cat crieth	.	.		
<i>Pullus pippit</i>	.	.	pi pi	P p
The Chicken pippeth	.	.		
<i>Tabanus dicit</i>	.	.	ds ds	Z z
The Breeze or Horsefly saith	.	.		

The "Orbis Pictus" is divided into one hundred and fifty-three sections, each of which is arranged on the following plan: The subject matter is given in two parallel columns of English and Latin. Above these stands an illustration. Realism is attained by putting the same number to each detail in the verbal description and to the corresponding part of the pictorial treatment of the subject. In Section III., for example, which treats of "the World," we find at the top of the page a woodcut, showing an ill-favored man and woman; a large stone for the former to sit upon; a ditch containing a whale and a couple of seals; a mud bank affording just room enough for a horse, a bear, a human-faced lion, and a duck; two mountains and a ploughed field; a dozen or so of birds; a bank of clouds and ten stars diversifying a black firmament; and six trees of the Noah's ark type. Beneath we read: —

The Heaven, 1 — hath	<i>Cælum, 1 — habet</i>	<i>Ignem et Stellar.</i>
fire and stars.		
The Clouds, 2 — hang	<i>Nubes, 2 — pendent in</i>	<i>Aere.</i>
in the air.		

Birds, 3—fly under *Aves*, 3—*volant sub* the clouds. *Nubibus*.

On the subject of the air Comenius, it is to be feared, surrenders realism to humanism, or at least modern science to classical lore. "A wind underground," he says, "causeth an earthquake," evidently with a reference to Æschylus, *Prometheus Bound*, 1068.

There are several sections on the fruits of the earth, trees, and flowers, which the artist makes very far from "pleasant to the eye." A Dutch taste inclines Comenius to end his remarks on flowers with the words "The tulip is the grace of flowers." In the department devoted to living creatures realism is decidedly intermittent. "A living creature," according to the definition given, "liveth, perceiveth, moveth itself; is born, dieth, is nourished, and groweth; standeth, or sitteth, or lieth, or goeth." Comenius is hard upon certain birds. "The owl," he says, "is the most despicable, the whoopoo the most nasty." And some of his information seems doubtful, as "The bittern putteth his bill into the water and belloweth like an ox;" some superfluous, as "The water wagtail waggeth the tail." And surely he is behind even his own times in his section on "wild cattle," where he tells us "The unicorn hath but one horn, but that a precious one." And again, "The lizard and the salamander (that liveth long in the fire) have feet; the dragon, a winged serpent, killeth with his breath, the basilisk with his eyes, and the scorpion with his poisonous tail." A very doubtful kind of realism is gained in the section on fish by the artist's determination to make them swim *on* and not *in* the water, in order to present a more complete view of them.

Next we enter upon the subject of man; first his creation, then his seven ages, then his anatomy. Nothing is left to the imagination or the knowledge of the pupil. He must not be allowed to learn the Latin for "a thumb" or "a beard" without having his gaze directed to a misrepresentation of the same. Very horrible is Comenius on "the flesh and bowels;" sometimes amusing, as in the remark, "The skin being pulled off the flesh appeareth, not in a continuous lump, but being distributed, as it were in stuff puddings (*distributa tanquam in farcimina*), which they call muscles." Soon after this we arrive at the pictorial illustration of "the soul of man." It is merely the outline of the bodily figure exhibited on the background of a sheet. The next subject is that of "Deformed and Monstrous Peo-

ple." In order to exhibit various kinds of deformity our artist has taken three figures—one of a giant, another of a dwarf, the third of a two-bodied monster; and between these unhappy persons he distributes those deformities to which flesh is heir. "Amongst the monstrous," says Comenius, "are reckoned the jolt-headed, the great-nosed, the blubber-lipped, the blub-cheeked, the goggle-eyed, the wry-necked, the great-throated, the crump-backed, the crump footed, the steeple-crowned;" and, to make something of an anti-climax, he ends with "add to these the bald-pated."

We now pass on to men's occupations. The picture devoted to hunting shows a man on horseback in the act of piercing with a great spear a boar, which is already held by the ear by a beagle, while "the tumbler, or greyhound," for some unknown reason, prances along two yards in advance. In another place an extremely feeble bear, also held by the ear, is being belabored by a man with a huge club. In the background is a wolf looking out of a hole in the ground, and two nondescript animals cantering over a hill; of which animals Comenius, anticipating the judicious remarks of Mrs. Glass, says, "If anything getteth away it escapeth, as here a hare and a fox." The chapter on butchery is elaborate. In his anxiety that young wits should have a complete *copia verborum* regarding things concrete, Comenius supplies them with Latin for (and, of course, illustrations of), four kinds of "puddings," viz., chitterlings (*falisci*), bloodings (*apexabones*), liverings (*tomacula*), and sausages (*botuli*, also called *lucanica*).

A very dismal idea is given of "the Feast." Four guests are squeezed in at the end of the table (which is "covered with a carpet"), while one solitary gentleman, "the master of the feast," is accommodated with the whole length of the same. Four empty plates, two covered vegetable-dishes, an open jam-tart, a salt-cellar, a loaf, two knives, one fork, one spoon, and one napkin (most of these things far out of reach), form the "Persici apparatus." A late guest is washing his hands at a "laver, ewer, hand-bason, or bowl," (*ablunt manus e gutturnio vel aquali, super mulluvium vel pelvim*).

"A school," says Comenius, "is a shop in which young wits are fashioned to virtue, and it is distinguished into forms." Some of these young wits are depicted as devoting themselves to their work. But there are others who "talk together and

behave themselves wantonly and carelessly; these are chastised with a ferule and with a rod." Of the student it is said, "he picketh out of books all the best things into his own manual, or marketh them with a dash or a little star. Being to sit up late, he setteth a candle on a candlestick. Richer persons use a taper, for a tallow candle stinketh and smoketh." On the "Arts belonging to Speech" Comenius is not satisfactory. "Rhetorick doth as it were paint a rude form of speech with oratory flourishes, such as are figures, elegancies, adages, apothegms, sentences, similies, hieroglyphicks, etc." Rhetorick is treated by the artist as a female figure adorned with a feather erect on her head, and drawing a man's head with chalk on a slate. "Poetry gathereth these flowers of speech, and tieth them as it were into a little garland, and so making of prose a poem, it maketh several sorts of verses and odes, and is therefore crowned with laurel." Amongst musical instruments we have a few that are now, I suppose, obsolete, the Jew's-trump, for example, the rattle, and the shepherd's harp.

The section on philosophy is graced with a very curious illustration. The philosopher, standing in front of a table on which is a heap of counters and on a slate a simple addition or subtraction sum (it is impossible to say which, for in either case the answer is wrong), is pointing to nature generally. The supernaturalist, who "searcheth out the causes and effects of things," is touching his biretta to the philosopher, and preparing to examine some vegetables growing at his feet.

After some instruction in geometry and astronomy, we come to a subject which one would have expected sense realism to treat with care and exactness, that is, geography. We first find a map in outline of the Western Hemisphere, and Comenius says here, "The ocean compasseth it" (the earth) "about, and five seas wash it—the Mediterranean Sea, the Baltick Sea, the Red Sea, the Persian Sea, and the Caspian Sea." This is evidently meant to apply loosely to Europe, which we shall come to directly. Under a map of the Eastern Hemisphere occurs this remarkable passage: "It" (the earth) "is divided into three continents; this of ours, which is divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (whose inhabitants are antipodes to us), and the South Land, yet unknown." Not less surprising than this is the map of Europe, from which Sicily is entirely omitted,

while the word Switzerland is printed in capitals across the Black Sea. In those days the Crimea was an island. Finland, moreover, lay between Norway and Sweden.

From this unrealistic view of geography we pass somewhat abruptly to the subject of moral philosophy, on which Comenius thus discourses: "This life is a way or a place divided into two ways, like Pythagoras's letter Y, broad on the left hand track, narrow on the right: that belongs to vice, this to virtue. Mind, young man, imitate Hercules; leave the left-hand way, turn from vice; the entrance is fair, but the end is ugly, and steep down. Go on the right hand, though it be thorny; no way is unpassable to virtue: follow whither virtue leadeth, through narrow places, to stately palaces, to the tower of honor. Bridle in the wild horse of affection, lest thou fall down headlong. See thou dost not go amiss on the left hand in an ass-like sluggishness, but go onwards constantly; persevere to the end and thou shalt be crowned."

Prudence is represented as holding in her right hand a mirror, which reflects a man's face, and so "represents things past;" in her left a "prospective glass" (*telescopium*), through which "she watcheth opportunity (which, having a bushy forehead, and being bald-pated, and, moreover, having wings, doth quickly slip away) and catcheth it." Diligence appears as a female reaper. "She putteth nothing off till the morrow; nor doth she sing the crow's song, which saith over and over, *Cras, Cras.*" Temperance, rather strangely, is a muscular female, left-handed, as is so often the case, pouring liquor very freely into a bowl. On one arm is suspended a bridle. In the background are several intemperate persons, of whom one is being very ill indeed, and is attended by a swine; another "brabbles"; another sits on a three-legged stool, presumably that of repentance, but nothing is said about him. Fortitude is a woman got up as a warrior, and attended by a heraldic lion. The section on patience is very remarkable. A kneeling female figure, with a lamb on one side, and an anchor on the other, is holding up her hands to heaven. Supported on a sword, a blazing torch, and a chain is a book, open at the word "Injurias." In the background is a ship in a thunderstorm, a birch-rod flying in the air, and a bright sun. Thus are depicted her trials and her hopes. "On the

contrary, the impatient person walleth, lamenteth, rageth against himself, grumbleth like a dog, despaireth, and becometh his own murderer." He is shown as falling on a sword and tearing his hair, while his grumbling mood is alluded to in a picture of a barking dog.

Humanity is personified in the figures of two stout women waltzing together. Their faces are, as is usual with the artist, repulsive; but the more ill-favored one is used to point the moral, more easily announced than acted upon, "Be thou sweet and lovely in thy countenance." In the background are seen two pairs of "forward men," one pair fencing (left-handed again), the other pair wrestling. In front a pair of turtle-doves are billing and cooing; in the extreme distance in a cave Envy, a miserable object, "pineth herself away."

Justice is equally repulsive. She sits "on a square stone—for she ought to be immovable—with hoodwinked eyes, that she may not respect persons, stopping the left ear to be reserved for the other party." Liberality is shown as throwing three coins into a poor man's hat. Her right foot is placed on a strong box, for "she submitteth her wealth to herself, not herself to it." Behind her is the covetous man on his knees scraping up the ground with his nails, and by his side two bags, one marked with "1000;" and on a hill behind him is the prodigal, standing on one leg, tossing coins into the air with one hand, and holding a bird with the other. What this last symbol means is not explained.

Comenius being desirous of teaching young wits the Latin for such distant relations as "the great great grandmother's grandmother," "the nephew's nephew's nephew," and "the niece's niece's niece," dispenses with personification, and allows the artist to treat consanguinity as a tree; after which we are introduced to a family circle, where the father "maintaineth his children by taking pains" (in this case he is painting), and the mother nurses an infant, who appears next in a cradle; then, as learning to go by a standing stool; again, as a lad "accustomed to piety," and with a painful expression of face reading a good book; lastly, sitting at a table learning to labor. A birch rod on a cushion illustrates the remark, "It is chastised if it be not dutiful."

"The tormenting of Malefactors" is treated in a truly horrible picture. Malefactors therein are suffering various tor-

ments. One wretch, bound hand and foot, and wearing a nightcap, is being dragged by a horse to the place of execution; another is having his tongue removed; a woman, held by the ear, has just lost a hand; two men are astride a wooden horse; others are being roasted, hanged, beheaded, or broken on a wheel.

In his section on "Merchandizing," Comenius is rather hard on retail dealers. "Shop-keepers, pedlers, and brokers would also be called merchants. The seller braggeth of a thing that is to be sold." When we come to the subject of "Physic," we are introduced to a sick man's room, where a large table is set out with potions, troches, and electuaries, in which, however, Comenius seems to have little faith, for the good bishop says, "Diet and prayer is the best physic." "Burial" is somewhat strangely followed by "a Stage-play," the subject being the Prodigal Son; though the boards are in possession of the fool making jests. Of "Tennis-play" Comenius says, "That is the sport of noblemen to stir their body." Boys' sports are mainly restricted to running upon the ice in "scrick shoes," running races, ninepins, striking a ball through a ring "with a bandy," "scourging a top," "shooting with a trunk," and swinging upon a "merry trotter." Some chapters on warfare, fearfully and wonderfully illustrated, are followed by "Religion," which Comenius divides into Gentilism, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. Godliness is figured in, apparently, a kneeling pew-opener of the female sex, "treading Reason under foot, that barking dog." "The Indians," says Comenius, "even at this day worship the devil (*venerantur cacodæmonia*)." It will not tend to edification to follow him into Judaism and Christianity, but we must not pass over the section on Providence. It is amusing to see how the Moravian bishop himself, despising the superstitions of his time, had not quite escaped from the land of bondage. "Men's states," he says, "are not to be attributed to fortune or chance, or to the influence of the stars (comets indeed are wont to portend no good)." The illustration shows a man giving his right hand to a good angel, and with his left repelling the advances of a demon, who is attempting to put a noose round his neck. Behind is a left-handed witch, drawing a circle round herself, and calling on the devil with charms, on whom Comenius pronounces woe. A section on the Last Judgment, with a most shocking illustra-

tion, is the last. But before we end we are again shown the master and the boy, as in the first illustration. "Thus," says the former, "thou has seen in short all things that can be shown, and hast learned the chief words in the Latin tongue. Go on now and read other good books, and thou shalt become learned, wise, and godly. Farewell."

It is hard to join with the editor in his "lament that the 'Orbis Pictus' is now fallen totally into disuse." Even where the execution of the idea is not so absurdly faulty as in this edition of the "Orbis Pictus," both in Comenius's own Latin and in the translator's English, the advantage of such object-lessons is not very obvious. Probably a Latin vocabulary is best acquired indirectly in the learner's general reading. But if it is to be taught by the direct method, it must surely be equally useless to present him with a picture of that with which he is already familiar, or to think by such means to familiarize him with that which is new to him. In the plan of the "Orbis Pictus," Comenius seems to forget that sense-realism, like everything else, may be overdone.

In our present systems of classical teaching the overdoing is generally believed to be on the side of humanism, or, as we should now call it, pure scholarship. The outside world, from time to time making its voice heard in denunciation of "a parcel of Latin and Greek and stuff," and complaining of the universities as "lining the heads" of their students with a quantity of unpractical classical lore, if it at all recognized the distinction between sense-realism and humanism, would, no doubt, make its severest attacks upon the latter. The common-sense view of the subject is that we should read the classics for their matter rather than for their manner. Yet, in adjusting the balance between these two, the pedagogue must beware lest his pupils mistake the exact nature of the matter through not completely grasping and understanding the manner in which it is expressed. If he is a man of doubts and scruples, he is pretty sure to find himself continually oscillating between sense-realism and humanism; asking himself at one time whether his classes are really entering into and grasping the subject on which they are professedly engaged; at another, whether they are not getting loose and vague views of the same, through an insufficient acquaintance with the verbal forms in which it is expressed. One day

he is shocked to find that his boys, who have succeeded in turning a speech in Livy correctly from the *oratio recta* into the *oratio obliqua*, are not aware whose speech it is. The next day he sets himself to inform them on the subject and its context, and the day after he is equally shocked to detect them in incorrect uses of moods and tenses.

Comenius is by no means the only author of Latin schoolbooks who has overdone sense-realism. It is still carried beyond the limits of common sense by editors, who, starting with the laudable desire to impress a learner with the importance of the matter he is to read, proceed to obstruct his sense-realization of the same by inviting his attention to a criticism of a classic before he has read a word of the classic itself; and call on the student not at once to read the book itself, but first of all what they have to say about it. The wits of boys, ever ready to wander, often suffer from the eccentricities of editors, who, if they bear in mind Comenius's maxims, "Matter before form," forget the maxim of common sense, "Illustration must not precede." How different these arts from those of a great philosopher who carried sense-realism into practice! "We go," said that great man, "upon the practical mode of teaching; the regular educational system. C-le-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of a book, he goes and does it." *Corruptio optimi pessima*: the Comenian method misapplied has produced a Squeers.

The outside world will, at any rate, readily agree that humanism has been greatly overdone. Except by scholars, pure scholarship is commonly condemned as unreal and unpractical. But there is one light in which exact scholarship may be regarded as a thing most practical and useful. The classics still remain a most important factor in our competitive examinations; and examiners, whose aim it is to find out, not how much a man has read and remembers, but what sort of brains he possesses, are well aware that subject-matter may be crammed, that scholarship may not. It is *voir*, not cramming, that enables a man to extract something like the exact meaning from a passage of Thucydides or Tacitus, and to express in idiomatic Latin or Greek the thoughts conveyed in an idiomatic piece of English.

But human nature is not sooner nauseated with cramming than with that "successful imitation and laborious criti-

cism," into which humanism, when overdone, is liable to degenerate. In these days the elegant uses of *quippe qui* and *admodum* and *esse videtur*, etc., will not carry a man very far in the estimation of a classical examiner. Most people will sympathize with the Cambridge poll man, to whom *variae lectiones* and sagacious emendations and conjectures were a weariness not to be endured; and who betook himself from such as told him that the right reading or rendering might be this or might be that, to his faithful "poll coach," who told him what it *was*. And there is something almost melancholy in certain authentic stories told of a distinguished classical scholar of our own days. Let us hope that the spirit of Comenius hovered near, when this scholarly man for the first time saw in a hedgerow the flower for which he had been accustomed for years to give a conventional English translation when coming across it in the classics, and stood spell-bound as sense-realism revealed to him as a vegetable what humanism had concealed from him under the veil of a word. And let us hope that the spirit of Comenius was far away in the Elysian fields, when that same distinguished scholar met a friend who told him that he had been lately reading the "Wasps" of Aristophanes. "Oh, then," said the humanist, "perhaps you can tell me what conclusion you have arrived at with regard to the distinction between *roí ye* and *yé roí*."

J. H. RAVEN.

From St. James's Gazette.
THE LESSON OF 1686.

IT is exactly two hundred years since the most formidable effort for Irish independence; and though we can afford to forget the fiasco of Vinegar Hill, we cannot neglect the lesson of 1686. Not unnaturally the desperate defence of the Ulstermen has attracted more attention than the social and economic changes which made their action necessary; yet the latter will be found to present so close a parallel to the events of recent years that they might well deserve attention, even had they not resulted in the passing of acts in an Irish Parliament by which the Act of Settlement and Explanation was repealed, the supremacy of the English legislature rejected, and the most infamous proscription passed which has been known since the days of Sulla. It is true that in 1686 the impulse to sedi-

tion came more clearly from without. But there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the *motive* for the action of the Irish masses in 1686 was different from that of our own time. The object of James in giving Ireland to the Irish was to use them as a weapon against the liberties of his English subjects. But the object of the Irish was their own; to exterminate the English colony, break the "foreign yoke," and restore the soil to its ancient proprietors. In the two last-named respects it was identical with the programme of the advanced section of modern Nationalists. While the objects of the two parties did not clash they worked harmoniously; when James inclined to favor the English, the Irish leaders at once sought the protection of France.

The eighty-sixth year of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries has in each case marked the close of the first period in the process of separation—that of organization and preparation. In both we see a kind of dual government in Ireland; existing in 1686 by the connivance, in 1886 by the forbearance, of the home government. In both, the representatives of the crown complain of the feeble support given to them. Clarendon, bullied and thwarted by Tyrconnel, has had his successors in the same office and the same indignities. When he complained of the want of respect shown to the representative of the crown, he met with no encouragement from London. When he made a progress in Ireland, he was encountered with insult or studied neglect. The Roman Catholic priesthood then, as now, became the agents of the National party, and forwarded lists of armed men to the predecessors of Bishops Walsh and M'Nulty. Nor was the atmosphere of Irish office less favorable then than at present to schemes of compromise. We find Clarendon proposing that "compensation" should be made to the old proprietors, to be granted from the surplus revenue. Yet on the 14th of March, 1686, he complained that the revenue was seriously diminished and that public credit was shaken. We may note here that on the 25th of March of the present year Bank of Ireland stock had fallen nineteen per cent.; a fate which it shared with the best Irish securities.

The work of plunder had already begun, and landlords were selling their estates at any sacrifice and emigrating; while Dublin traders called in their debts and refused credit. The same districts then as now were black with agrarian crime.

Kerry in 1886 has called down the rebuke of Michael Davitt for outrages upon the estates of Lord Kenmare. Two hundred years ago the men of Kerry were busy burning the houses and maiming the cattle of the founders of the town from which that nobleman takes his title.

The attitude of English Roman Catholics in the present crisis has attracted some attention. If we are to judge by the conduct of the Duke of Norfolk and other leading members of that body, they disapprove of the Separatist movement, even with its prospect of increased power for the Church. In 1686 they had strong incentives to an opposite course. Catholic disabilities were in full force in England, and these it was James's alleged object to remove. Yet the appointment of Tyrconnel as Clarendon's successor was stiffly opposed by them. Even Sunderland for once let patriotism get the better of self-interest until silenced by the threats of Tyrconnel. We read of the curiously modern suggestion that an English Roman Catholic nobleman should be appointed viceroy; and the name of Powis or Dover was canvassed in much the same terms as that of Lord Spencer or Lord Ripon. There had been a time when even James had admitted that to create an Irish viceroy was to make Ireland an independent kingdom. But now he gloomily declared that "there was work to be done in Ireland which no Englishman would do;" and with the appointment of Tyrconnel as lord deputy the independence of Ireland was practically granted. Within one year of the fall of Clarendon the civil as well as the military power had passed into the hands of an Irish Parliament, nominated by an Irish dictator, containing two hundred and fifty members, of whom six only represented the Protestant minority. But even had that representation been largely increased, as is now proposed, we believe, it would have afforded little protection to the landowners. The experience of 1686 shows that the whole soil of the country might well change hands without an alteration in the Statute Book. It is true that two years later the Act of Settlement was repealed in Dublin, in the teeth of James and the English Catholics. But before this the land was practically lost to the owners. The Irish Parliament appointed its own law officers—a right which is still claimed by Michael Davitt as essential to a Dublin Parliament, and in every writ of trespass or ejectment judgment was given for the native against the land-

lord. A writ of error lay from most of the courts to England—a right of appeal which was abolished two years later. But Nagle, Nugent, Fitton, and Rice were zealous Nationalists, eager to carry out the "mandate" of their party; Rice in the court of exchequer was free from the check of an appeal to England, and this court accordingly overflowed with business and became as potent an instrument of plunder as the Land League itself. For debts to a landlord there was no recovery. Rice himself declared that he would drive a coach-and-six through the Act of Settlement. Keating alone of the former judges was allowed to remain on the bench, and he declared at Wicklow that to get convictions for robbery and outrage was impossible; while Nagle, the new attorney-general, avowed at Cork that without such violence the intentions of the Irish government could not be carried out. It is strange that in the discussion of the probable results of home rule more consideration should not have been given to the question of the appointment of law officers and the appeal to England. That the National leaders are aware of its importance does not make the matter less grave.

From The Army and Navy Magazine.
SOLDIERING IN JAMAICA.

JAMAICA is, no doubt, a lovely island as regards natural scenery; should be a most powerful station if properly fortified and garrisoned; and is placed by nature in such a position as to command absolutely the Panama canal—if it ever should become an accomplished fact. No other tropical station can, perhaps, show such a variety in temperature; when the thermometer is over ninety degrees in Kingston, within fourteen miles it is, perhaps, not seventy; while the people below are trying to catch sleep by inviting the lightest land breeze, the people above are snoring under two blankets. The weather is certainly warm in the plains where the people live, and would be hard to bear during the day if it were not for the health-giving "doctor"—that is, the strong trade-wind which gets up at 10 A.M. and falls at 4 P.M.; and the warm nights are made bearable by the cool land breeze from the hills which gets up about 7 P.M. and falls in the early morning. The trade-wind saves the place many and serious epidemics, and even purifies sickly Kingston,

with its abominable smells, its open surface drains where fevers are bred, its hundreds of cesspools which are never looked after. At the camp it comes straight off the ocean and is a godsend to every one, making the place one of the healthiest spots on this island. The night wind is not so straightforward and honest. It is a vexed question, whether it should be allowed free access to bedrooms or not. People arriving in the island, of course, throw open all doors and windows, and give the night wind free liberty to do what it likes. More experienced people partly open their windows, but do not allow the night wind to blow upon them when in bed. The natives shut everything and allow no wind at all. The night wind is cool, and at about two o'clock A.M. gets cooler. People go to bed warm, they get hotter when asleep, throw off their scanty bed clothes, and then easily get a chill. In Jamaica a chill means fever. The vegetation makes the island look very green, but still there is not that luxuriousness of tropical plants which is to be found elsewhere. The birds are not so numerous as they should be, though they are now under the new laws of protection. There was great danger of the humming-bird becoming extinct, owing to the demand for them which once existed in England. The insect world, of course, abounds, and gives both pleasure and annoyance. Under the head "insects" may be classed fireflies, butterflies, lizards, moths, mosquitoes, sand and horse flies, and beetles. The ants are the only living things here with vigorous energy. They work as ants at home never seem to work. If a piece of meat or bread is left in the house or on the floor, it is surrounded by an army of ants in a few minutes and bodily carried off — taken up walls, over obstacles, through holes, a long line of skirmishers going before to show the way, or to bring more assistance if necessary. These irresistible forces of ants clean the island, and do the work of the wretchedly indolent people. There is actually no game in Jamaica. With its miles upon miles of mountains, its splendid covers, one would expect to find the black partridge, hares, and deer abounding; but no; its woods are empty and its plains deserted. A few quail are to be found, and a wild duck now and then; but these only show by their size what fine sport there should be in Jamaica, if game had been introduced and properly taken care of. There are fish both from sea and river, but the natural limpness of the island overshadows the fishing also. Ja-

maica is intended by nature to be a strongly fortified, well-garrisoned station. Holding so commanding a position, possessing so fine a harbor, it should be the Gibraltar of the West; but it is not. The garrison consists of three companies of European troops numbering about a hundred and eighty men, perched on the top of a mountain at Newcastle; a battery of artillery scattered between Newcastle and Port Royal, at the mouth of the harbor; and four companies with the headquarters of one of the West Indian regiments stationed at Up Park Camp. The whole of the grand force scarcely amounts to seven hundred men. It takes to look after them a major-general and staff, living at Barbadoes, twelve hundred miles away; a colonel on the staff; a brigade major; a garrison adjutant; senior officers of the Royal Engineers, Commissariat, Ordnance, Medical, and Army Pay Departments, with numerous smaller men. All of these reside in Jamaica, and have to spend all the energy the climate leaves them in looking after these seven hundred men, the chief portion of which are perched on the top of a mountain fourteen miles from where the brigade office flourishes. Port Royal, at the mouth of the harbor at the end of the Palisadoes, is what remains of the old city which once ranked as the second richest city of the world, and which, about two hundred years ago, was destroyed by an earthquake, and the ruins now lie at the bottom of the sea, H.M. guardship *Urgent* floating over them. Port Royal at present lies over a bed of yellow fever. Fort Augusta on the opposite side of the harbor, on the mainland, is now used as a powder magazine, white troops not being able to live there. Apostles' Battery, also on the mainland, commands the mouth of the harbor, but cannot be occupied by white troops, although well armed. Up Park Camp lies about two miles from Kingston, and at an elevation of five or six hundred feet above it. The camp is built in a small grass plain about a mile long by half a mile wide, commanding a fine view of the sea on the one side, and of the Blue Mountains on the other. At the present time the barracks can, under the recent sanitary regulations, accommodate four hundred and seventy black troops. It was built at the beginning of the century to accommodate two strong English regiments. Is it any wonder then that the troops were decimated by fever? The men were packed away in bunks tier over tier — fed generally on salt meat — no

sanitary precautions—the cesspits allowed to poison the drinking-water—and Tom Cringle in his "Log" describes the result. It is now acknowledged that the camp is one of the healthiest spots on the island, and could with perfect safety be occupied by the white troops if it were only ten miles away from fever-stricken Kingston. Being, as it is, only two miles away, the men could not be kept out of the town, and from the influence of cheap rum and low houses. Newcastle, on a peak of the Blue Mountains forty-five hundred feet above the sea, is where the white troops reside, and bears the mark of jobbery about it. Many years ago it was determined to give up the camp as a suitable barrack for white troops, and eyes were cast on all sides to provide a convenient spot. A wily old general at that time commanded, who purchased the present site of Newcastle for £2,000, and sold it to the government for £20,000; consequently, ever since, the white troops have been placed on a mountain peak, where they can never be of any use, and where three or four men with pickaxes could shut them up in their mountain home, and starve them into submission. Kingston is more fever-stricken this year than it has been since the year 1874. Some try to blame the weather, want of rain, excessive heat; anything rather than confess the true cause, which is the breaking of every known sanitary law by the people. Kingston, the fever-stricken, is built on ground which rises from the sea-beach to the racecourse, a height of about three hundred feet. Nature has given it every advantage; good rising ground, a health-giving trade-wind, no marsh or lagoon near—everything which, turned to a good account, should have made it by far the healthiest town of the West Indies. Those who planned the town knew what they were doing. The streets are all parallel and at right angles; most of them broad enough, and run from the racecourse to the sea. Those who built the houses built them each according to his own sweet will; some of wood, some of wood and brick; some square, some all angles; some with verandahs, some without; some have a pavement in front, some have not; some have a drain running straight into the street, some have it full of stagnant water; some have abominable smells, some are fairly sweet; some, instead of a pavement, have a surface drain, which drain is supposed to be flushed, but is, for six and a half days out of seven,

full of filth, vegetable refuse, slime, and everything objectionable. All this under a tropical sun must breed disease, and if it had not been for the trade-wind, would have decimated the town long ago. Every one who drives through Kingston is disgusted with it. No one could think of walking through it. With such a site, with any quantity of good water to be obtained from the neighboring hills, the streets should be lined with tropical plants, the atmosphere should be pure and sweet; the houses and shops should look clean and inviting, and the people should be able to walk under shady avenues, with streams of pure water on each side. All this could have been so easily carried out if the simplest system of irrigation had been used. Kingston is a standing example of man's neglect of the very blessings nature gives him. In spite of its fine site, its plentiful supply of water near at hand, the chief street smells worse than St. Giles, and is more dangerous to walk through. Spanish Town, the old capital, is simply a town of the past. Its cathedral looks down upon empty streets; its public buildings are unoccupied; government house, tenantless. The other places in the island are small in size, and contain but few inhabitants. They will never get larger, unless more energy is instilled into the people, and more money is brought into the colony.

From St. James's Gazette.

PADDY AND HIS LANDLORD.

DUBLIN, April 3.

CURIOSLY grotesque are the results which in Ireland are succeeding that historical relegation to Saturn of the principles of political economy. Rack-rents, which Mr. Gladstone pitchforked, as many imagined, out of existence, are returning like a flood. We are indebted to Mr. Wentworth Erck and his valuable pamphlet for some three hundred and odd examples of judicial rents quietly set aside already by the peasantry themselves. They, the sorely oppressed, the rack-rented, the "scattered and peeled," will tolerate no such artificial valuation of the soil. They are valuing for themselves, and set a far higher value upon land than do Mr. Gladstone's benevolent tribunals. A few examples chosen at haphazard from Mr. Erck's work will show what I mean.

In the county of Monaghan lived a poor tenant sorely troubled to make both ends meet, and driven headlong to destruction by some felonious landlord — "coroneted ghoul," perhaps Miss Fanny Parnell would have called him. A gleam of light and hope shone suddenly from the legislative firmament across the path of this poor wight. Crushed under an annual burden of £9 1s. 10d., he cried for justice to the Land Commission. The Land Commission gave ear to the voice of his complaint, and, with a tear glistening in the corner of its eye, relieved the oppressed one to the extent of an annual £2 1s. 10d. So relieved, and weighted now with a fair rent representing the real annual value of the land, the tenant made over the same to a thrifty neighbor for the sum of £130, or nineteen years' purchase of his fair rent! Now the interest of £130 at five per cent. would be £6 10s.; so that virtually what the incoming tenant discovered on careful examination to be the rent of the holding was not £7, but £13 10s. There was no tyrannical landlord, "notice to quit" in hand, compelling him to pay this rent or suffer the penalty of eviction. Felonious landlordism is not concerned here. Voluntarily, no man compelling, the new tenant is of opinion that the land is worth £13 10s. per annum, and undertakes the payment of that rent. In short, £6 10s. per annum has been taken from the landlord and given to the tenant; or, to put the matter in another way, the Land Commission — the tear glistening in the corner of its eye — has taken £130 out of the pocket of the landlord and handed the same over to the tenant.

Similarly a poor tenant in Down having got his rent reduced from £45 to £40, procured another poor tenant as his successor willing to pay as rent out of the same holding an annual sum of £91 15s. Tenants' improvements, I may remark *en passant*, are not here concerned, for Mr. Erck excludes all such cases; publishing only examples of transfer that relate to purely agricultural holdings on which there were neither substantial buildings nor improvements effected by the tenant. These examples, however, hail from the north, where things may be supposed to be a little complicated on account of "ten-

ant right." Take, then, this example from the county of Cork. A farmer got his rent reduced from £48 to £40, and ere long discovered another farmer who voluntarily for the same holding put his neck under the yoke of an annual burden of £71; or, to put it exactly, he paid £630 for the privilege of entry. Besides Mr. Erck's three hundred and odd cases, of which the foregoing will serve as samples, signed letters are appearing every day in the Dublin newspapers supplying illustrations still more flagrant of the gigantic confiscation which is going on under the sanction of the law.

Facts have been sometimes called eloquent. It would be hard to find facts more eloquent than these. Loose-thinking men were under the impression that under Mr. Gladstone's Land Act rack-rents in Ireland would be a thing of the past. On the contrary, rack-rents, or the full annual value of land as fixed by economic condition and the market law, are coming in steadily, constantly, and universally. And yet it is at this time, when the people are voluntarily putting themselves under rents enormously higher than the judicial rents, and paying large sums for the privilege of entering upon farms, that we are told that judicial rents are too high, and in consequence "practically irrecoverable." Who thinks them too high? Certainly not the man who gets half a thousand pounds for his tenancy, nor the man who undertakes to pay half as much again rent as to the sub-commissioners seems the full annual value of the holding. There is an Appeal Court perpetually revising, reversing, and even scouting from court the rents fixed under the Land Act. This court is manned by a bench of the most learned judges procurable — men who are thoroughly acquainted with the value and the properties of land, and are very unlikely to be swayed by eloquence or doubtful considerations. They know the value of land; they know the value of money; and they know, too, what Mr. Gladstone's judges do not know; that if they err in their valuations they will be ruined. From this wholesome corrective, needless to say, the Land Commission and its subordinate tribunals are entirely free.